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THE VANISHED FRIEND

JULES THIÉBAULT

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THE VANISHED FRIEND



COMMANDANT NESSLER

The Medium of the Spirit Eric

THE VANISHED FRIEND

Evidence, Theoretical and Practical, of the Survival of Human Identity After Death

FROM THE FRENCH OF

JULES THIÉBAULT

FOREWORD BY

MARGARET DELAND



Death is not the end of existence;
It is a stage of development.

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TO THE GLORY

OF THE SOULS OF THE SOLDIERS

OF ALL NATIONS

BELIEVERS AND UNBELIEVERS

MATERIALISTS AND SPIRITUALISTS

WHO SAVED

EVEN BY THE SUPREME SACRIFICE

THE FUTURE OF MANKIND

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FOREWORD

In writing a foreword for "L'Ami Disparu," it is only frank to say that, though I share the author's belief in immortality, the scientific value of his book seems to me slight. It is one of those ethical, but for the most part unevidential, books upon the subject of the survival of human personality after death which are just now pouring from the press. These books —largely made up of automatic writings— seem to be creating a literature of feeling, not a literature of fact. They are impressive only as they indicate the honest conviction of the automatists, and the demand of human hearts for the solution of the riddle of the painful earth, a riddle summed up in two words,— Love and Death. Efforts to solve this riddle by "inspirational" utterances have always had value, because they have consoled Sorrow; —just in proportion as Sorrow has had faith to believe in their authenticity.

But there are people who cannot accept authenticity by an act of Faith; for them acceptance must by an act of Reason. They are haunted by the fear that they may sacrifice the love of truth to the need of consolation. Hence, mere super-normal expositions, purporting to describe conditions after death, or mere good advice, purporting to come from Infinite Wisdom, —however beautiful the first or sacred the second,—carry, for such persons, no intellectual certainties. What they desire is not rhetoric, but proof. And proof, they say, will come (if it ever does come!) through reason, not through faith. The methods which Reason must employ to find the "proof" demanded by those of us who have not that precious thing called faith, will be the methods of any of the exact sciences; namely, arduous, technical, perhaps rather arid, and certainly unemotional, research work. Some men of science who are pursuing these methods in Psychological Research, admit phenomena, physical and mental, from which a few of them deduce (rather hesitatingly) the hypothesis of survival of human personality after death; and, as a corollary,

the possibility of communication with those we call dead.

Whether the evidence offered by these investigators is sufficient to prove their tentative assertions, must be a matter of personal judgment. Some of us say it is not. Some say that the phenomena constitute only a "trail." "Can the 'trail,'" one man said, "lead us to a far country? Or will it double on itself, and wind in and out of the consciousness of us all, making its way back to that vast reservoir of all that has been thought and said since time began?" He added that it was his conviction that Science (not Sorrow, untrained to exact observation) is called to follow the trail, no matter where it may lead.

It is a desire to follow the trail which has caused M. Thiébault to write "The Vanished Friend." The greater part of the book is made up of psychical experiences, more or less carefully authenticated, and of assertions of M. Thiébault's personal faith. These records and beliefs have an emotional but not, I think, a scientific value. It is improbable that "The Vanished Friend" (which is written with very

simple and tender sincerity) will convince any exact mind that the hypothesis of Survival is sound. Yet in the fourth chapter of the book M. Thiébault reports a series of experiments which may be considered at least an approach to what is called "evidence." This raises the question, "What, in the regions of abnormal psychology, can be said to constitute *evidence* of survival?" Will it be in verified physical phenomena?—in the expressions, that is to say, of some yet unclassified Force, operating upon matter? Probably not; for even if the "unclassified Force" is accepted by Science, as a fact (which as yet it is not), the possibility that some sub-conscious human mind operates the new form of matter, and so is a factor in producing motor effects, is not eliminated. Or will the proof be found in verified mental phenomena,—the revelation of facts, unknown to any human mind; unknown, indeed, in that "vast reservoir" of all human thought and memory—a knowledge, in other words, which has never been known? Again, we must say probably not, for if we insist that proof must come in the form of the "unknown" and unknowable, we put the possibility of it

permanently out of court, and range the automatic spirit of good advice, or subliminal memories and aspirations, as on a par with reports of carefully attested facts. Because, if no one, *living or dead,* knows, or ever has known, what is stated, the statement can never be verified.

Hence it would seem that proof, in the present stage of human development, is impossible; and so "The Vanished Friend," as well as many other books upon the subject, must be considered unevidential. M. Thiébault's experiments in telekinesis may be credited to the operation of some unconscious incarnate mind; the mental phenomena he has observed may be explained by saying that the information he states he has received from invisible Intelligences, has reached him telepathically from the living; or else, having been known to the dead, it exists in the cosmic mind, and has been apprehended by the medium. But though we admit that by these standards "The Vanished Friend" gives us nothing which may be properly called evidence, M. Thiébault has recorded certain experiments, made by a group of psychical researchers in

Nancy, France, which have great value. In Chapter IV he gives us a series of "messages" received, through sensitives, in regard to events. names, dates, etc., of which normally the sensitive herself and the persons present could have no knowledge; he then corroborates these statements by quoting civic records, to which, he believes, neither the medium nor the investigators could have had access. For example, this group of intelligent men who have no desire to deceive themselves, or anybody else! receive through a sensitive whom they believe to be honest, a more or less coherent statement, purporting to come from a dead person whose name no one in the group has ever heard of; a person who lived in a village, unknown to them; whose business or profession was this or that; who died on a certain date, leaving relatives whose names and occupations are stated. Of all these facts the persons present are totally ignorant. To verify or refute them, a letter is written to the mayor of the town or village referred to. After a time, a reply is received from impersonal, disinterested municipal authorities, vouching

for every detail stated by the communicator. M. Thiébault records many such cases, and we can hardly accuse him of credulousness, in feeling that he has come very close to what may be called "evidence."

Of course such instances do not eliminate the hypothesis of the Cosmic Mind, which must contain all the facts stated; but they do eliminate the mind of the medium and the minds of the persons who are present at the time the communication is given.

Will those of us who refuse to "sacrifice the love of truth to the need of consolation," accept these reports as proof of the survival of personality after Death? Probably not; for the curious thing about Psychical Research is that other people's convictions do not convince! Is this perhaps because belief in survival is as personal to the soul as love itself? We do not love because we are told to, or because some one else loves! Belief is not a matter of will; it is the most individual possession in human life. So though the findings of the investigators in Nancy may not yet be accepted as "evi-

dence," they will at least assure us that Science is "following the trail," and that we who are not trained to follow it, we who are hampered by prejudice or timidity or ignorance or emotion—must do our part to uphold, with sympathy and practical assistance, the patient and devoted men who are blazing the way towards an Eternal Hope.

MARGARET DELAND.

INTRODUCTION

INTRODUCTION

Truth is common property. Whoever knows it, owes it to mankind.
BOSSUET.

This work, which has no literary pretensions, presents, as briefly and as clearly as possible, a statement of certain strange phenomena, the scientific hypothesis which they have called forth, and the means which have been employed to reproduce them.

The book does not address itself to the indolent and the incredulous, whose reason is satisfied with systematic negations; nor to the "mandarins de toutes robes" who are contemptuous of the destiny of man; nor to the great mass of simple believers, whose faith is a breast-plate against the storms of life. . . . Its purpose is more modest than that. To awaken the curiosity of the indifferent, who are without faith or God, to whom the inevitableness of the Voyage which they must make into an unknown country, arouses no concern; to offer a

guide for this strange tour,—which no one can avoid! to show the error of the old adage, "the country from which no traveller returns," by presenting incontrovertible facts which prove that, all over the world, those who have vanished do return constantly; and finally to facilitate communion between the living and the dead. It is to accomplish this purpose that the book has been written.

To attain this end I have, on the one hand, appealed to the most conclusive observations of trained minds in all countries—astronomers, chemists, lawyers, physicians, philosophers and ecclesiastics; on the other hand I have brought forward new and convincing phenomena with which I have been myself connected, either as an operator or as a witness.

That there are false spirits, as well as fraudulent mediums who care more for money than for truth, need not be discussed. But no matter how many of the latter there may be, the tricks of the followers of Robert Houdin will no more stop the spread of Spiritualism, than fetishism and charlatanism stopped the advance of religion and medicine.

In marshalling my proofs of survival, I shall call upon the evidence which my readers can draw from their own experience. . . .

Although it is very unusual for anyone to possess psychic power sufficiently developed to communicate, at the first attempt, with the invisible intelligences which surround us, yet among the thirty people whom I have tested I have not found one man or woman absolutely incapable of doing it. All have made the table, the planchette, or the ouija speak. However short these communications may have been, they have given the impression of two persons, one at each end of a telephone wire, exchanging ideas and speaking the same language; their recognition of each other not depending upon the visibility of the one or the invisibility of the other.

What, then, is this intelligence, this will, which lives and speaks and acts among us? If you question it, it replies: "The intelligence and the will of one of those who has gone before you to the grave—the spirit of a vanished friend."*

* NOTE.—Without pre-judging in any way the proofs of identity which will be explained in the course of this work, and in default of any other French expression, I shall use the

How much ought we to depend upon the mysterious assertions of these invisible and wandering beings? Are they indeed the personalities that they claim to be? And is it possible that the still unsolved problem of the immortality of the soul, can find its luminous answer by their mere presence among us?

The reply to these grave questions is found in experimentation. To establish conviction there is nothing better than personal contact with things—what we call a practical lesson. A simple experiment, made by one's self, is more convincing than the most eloquent statements made by a special pleader.

I have read nearly all of the more serious works treating of the question of survival; for me they no longer possess a literary interest. After the assurance which comes from the testimony of other people, I have wanted to see and know for myself, feeling sure that it is not night that I am facing, but dawn!

It has seemed to me a rash thing to attempt, in the evening of life, to investigate the bound-

word "spirit" in the sense of an invisible, intelligent force, which displays purpose and will, forming one of the essential parts of man.

less field of the destiny of man. That is why my plan of work, in the course of eight years of study and two years of experiments, has been rigorously restricted to proving the survival of the ego.

These experiments, more or less conclusive, are not the prerogative of scholars. Mediumship being a natural gift, appearing and disappearing without any known cause, any careful and sincere person may hope to experiment for himself. In other words, he may hope to put himself consciously—that is to say without being either asleep or hypnotized or magnetized—in relation with these incorporeal beings, possessed of intelligence and will, which surround us and live under our roof. We cannot see them, it is true; but neither can we see the Hertzian waves, the waves of wireless telegraphy, the cathode rays of Crookes, or the magnetic currents; nevertheless they exist.

However one may think of it, Spiritualism, or metaphysical science, is not a religion. It has no priests, no rites and no beliefs which cannot be proved by experiments.

A few light objects which can be carried in

the hand, a little good will, much patience to observe without prejudice—that is all that is required of its followers.

But though the verifying of the phenomena which come to our notice is not difficult, their interpretation is a delicate matter. It is necessary to throw aside all old ideas, which are the result of an inherited past, home training, and the usual academic education. After having observed impartially, without preconceived ideas, and with a cool head, I have tried not to allow myself to be influenced by any name, however illustrious it may be. I have endeavored to collect the facts, to inform myself regarding all the details and circumstances, and to draw the most direct deductions. I have even reduced all my philosophical equipment to four elements of radiant truth:

I. Every effect has a cause.

II. Miracles—that is to say the violation of natural laws—do not exist. The Creator cannot, without changing His system, alter the progress of the universe.

III. Every explanatory hypothesis of a mys-

terious but established fact, should be based upon reason, or discarded.

IV. Only that which can be scientifically proved and verified, should be accepted.

It was in this state of mental freedom, multiplying my experiments, and casting my plummet into almost every depth, that I chose to approach the poignant enigma of survival.

And then unknown to myself—I was going to say in spite of myself, because I am naturally skeptical—my reason passed through the increasing mystery by three successive steps, before arriving at certainty.

First was the verification of a dynamic force of unknown origin. Here is an example:

The Opening Doors

One evening in the year 1861, when the Abbé Bulard, curé at Cempuis, Champagne, not a credulous man and not at all mystical, was at the table, the door of the rectory opened abruptly. He had been almost certain that he had locked it on returning from the cellar. He rose from the table while eating, and went to fasten it. He had scarcely seated himself, when the door opened again. This time he was angry, closed it violently, and returned to finish his supper. The door opened a third time.

The Abbé Bulard was startled, but he boldly addressed the invisible unknown, and told him, roughly, to go to the devil.

He had the explanation the next day, in learning that one of his best friends had died, at almost the very hour when he had had this singular experience, and that in his last agony he had called the Abbé's name several times. (Story of the Abbé Petit, Revue Spirite, November, 1917.)

Second step: This force manifests itself intelligently.

My friend Rouillon, a distinguished university man, wrote me on November 26th, 1916:

"I met at Niort a lady, who died recently, who possessed the mysterious gift of automatic writing. She showed me an album of sketches. She knew, she said, hardly how to draw a circle. These sketches, in a framework of decorative lines, represented scenes in the life of Christ. They reminded one, by their expressive crudeness, of the originals of the XIV and XV centuries, that one sees at the Louvre."

And a month later, December 25, 1916:

"My thirteen-year-old daughter and I were alone in a room in my house; a handful of leaves had been stripped from a calendar, and carried off and hidden from our sight. We did not know the date or the quotation on the top leaf of the package, and no one, as we were alone, knew it.

"Repeatedly the date and the Saint's Day have been told us by the rapping of the table.

"There was no unconscious suggestion or magnetic influence here. My child was awake, and so was I."

The Imperial Councillor of Russia, Aksakoff, one day succeeded in making a hand, which appeared in the semi-darkness, dip first into a bowl of cold water, and then into a bowl of hot water on which was floating a film of melted wax. When this apparition disappeared, it left on the water a wax mould of a hand, revealing skin, nails and muscles!

In the same way Professor Chaia, of Naples, asked a phantom to hollow out an impression of its head in a block of clay hidden by a veil. At the end of three minutes the beautiful head of a beardless man appeared in the compressed clay.

Third Step: We are in the presence of an Intelligence, giving itself a name, claiming to have lived among us, but refusing to establish its identity. I will illustrate this by recording one of the most curious experiments with which I have been connected, which occurred in 1917, and is called a Cross Correspondence.

It was arranged that the experimenters, sit-

ting in places far removed from each other, should obtain on the same day, at the same hour, in a phrase which they should not know in advance, an intelligent communication from an unknown communicator. Thus, disconnected, the communication would present, at any one of the receiving stations, only an unintelligible arrangement of words; but these scraps of phrases overlapping one upon another, would reveal their complete meaning when fitted together like bits of marquetry.

The spirit of an Arab, giving himself the name of Djemil, had indicated, in a private seance held by two of us, a desire for a longer communication, so it was arranged between Sir Hans Hamilton, English Consul at Rochelle, M. Duchatel, Inspector des Finances in Paris, and myself installed in a little village in the forest of Haute Marne, that we would make this mysterious experiment every Tuesday, at an hour fixed by Dr. Gustave Geley, lecturer at the College de France, and Director of the Institut International Métaphysique. We supplied ourselves with an alphabet of Arabic letters, numbered from 1 to 29. Our part was to take note

of the figures, and to send them by mail to a translator of the Arabic language, a person absolutely unconnected with the experiment.

As had been agreed, in Haute Marne, on August 12, 1917, at four minutes of four in the afternoon, my medium and I laid our hands on the ouija board. At one minute after four the pointer moved, and indicated the figures 29, 29, 9, 10, 27, 9, 19; pause of a few minutes to separate the words; 9, 29, 27, 28, 24; pause. Seventy-three numbers were given in this way, with pauses to indicate the separation of the words.

Our success was complete. Djemil came three times, at the same moment in Paris, La Rochelle, and Montot, in Haute Marne, to tell the story of the love affairs of Dhea, or Dhaon, the Light of the Sun—an erotic tale, it is true, which Dr. Geley will have difficulty in publishing! But the fact is none the less certain, and outside the hypothesis of Spiritualism, as inexplicable as the instantaneous extraction of a cube root of six figures by the celebrated horses of Dr. Kraal, of Eberfeld.

We have now reached the culmination of our upward progress—the identification of invisi-

ble communicators; we have done this by verifying their origin, and the names which they assume. That is the cornerstone of Spiritualism. Yet assertions of personality should be accepted only with the greatest caution. From the standpoint of cold reason, expressions of ethical value and esthetic beauty, carry less weight than a single little *fact* told by the novelist, Alexander Hepp. His father was photographed on his death-bed, and in the picture appeared a little yellowish spot. Upon examining it they recognized the features of his deceased mother, invisibly present.

If then a mysterious being states that he lived on our earth in a certain place, in a certain family, he must prove it. If he cannot or will not, unbelief is justified.

We cannot demand passports of a country where they are not issued; but we can at least weigh the assertions made as proofs of identity by our discarnate brothers. And when these proofs, of whatever nature they may be, make a sheaf of accurate facts—clear and harmonious; when they go as far as the reproduction by the unseen of his photograph on a fresh sen-

sitized plate, without preparation, without any special apparatus, it seems as if one could associate with the other world without interruption, and hold friendly intercourse with the beloved dead, who are not confined in their graves.

Here are a few instances, showing the variety of the proofs of identity:

In a seance in August, 1917, at Paris, a young girl, M—— asked the table if it was her father who was near her. The table replied affirmatively by one knock. She asked his name; the table did not move.*

? Can't you tell me? (the name.)

— Negative response, by two knocks.

? Why?

— Again no response.

"It is the best proof of identity," said the young lady; "my father could not spell his name, because he had never learned to read or write."

On May 2, 1916, I was at a little table in rue de Strasbourg in Nancy, with the Mademoiselles Petit and Hoch, in the presence of

* In this seance, as in those that follow, the questions asked are preceded by an interrogation point, and the replies of the spirit by a dash.

Madame Muller (born Parmentier), wife of the manager of an insurance office. The table began to move:

? Do you wish to give your name?

— *Emile Parmentier.*

? Do you wish to prove your identity?

— *I do not need to produce papers. She knows me well.*

We learned in this way that Madame Muller, who was present, always felt a sudden shiver when her father came to speak with her.

Here is another testimony, from one of the great names in English Science:

Raymond, the son of Sir Oliver Lodge, principal of the University of Birmingham, called to the battle front in France, made his last visit to his parents on July 20, 1915. A month later the young officer fell in Flanders, struck by a German bullet.

Eight days after his death, Raymond gave this message at a Spiritualist seance:—*Tell my father that I have met here one of his friends, Myers. I have a second father here.*

On the 27th of September, he told his family, through the medium Peters, that he had been

photographed at the front some days after his arrival, in a group of officers, some of whom were friends of his, and others he did not know. He gave as a circumstantial detail, that he was seated, a walking stick in his hand, while certain of his companions stood behind him, against a dark shed marked with vertical lines. He remembered that some one wanted to lean on him. Sir Oliver Lodge knew nothing of such a photograph. It was not until the 6th of December that this picture was sent to him. It showed twenty-one young men, five of whom were in the front row, sitting on the grass. Raymond was among them, the cane in his hand. A comrade sitting behind him had put his hand on his shoulder. The vertical lines, the dark background of the shed, all were confirmed.

Another instance:

Colonel Collet, President of the Psychical Society of Nancy, and a friend, a retired "Directeur des Finances," were present at a seance held in February, 1906, at the house of the Comte El——. As soon as they placed their hands upon the table, it spelled the following message:

— *Your watch is done for!*

The Directeur, astonished by the statement, said, "True enough, my watch was stolen when I was leaving the Theatre Antoine."

? Do you know the name and address of the thief?

— *Yes. Rollin, a pickpocket from Meaux.*

? Can you give the name of the deceased friend who left me the watch?

— *Yes, replied the spirit. It is I, Cu——, here present.*

This made a profound impression upon Colonel Collet.

As a final illustration of evidence of survival, I will quote from the letter of a man of absolute integrity, M. Castex-Degrange, Assistant Principal of l'Ecole des Beaux Artes, at Lyon, with whom, through our mutual interest in Spiritualism, I had formed a warm friendship. Castex wrote me on July 25th, 1917:

> "Being the son-in-law of a physician, a class not credulous by temperament or training, I used to reply to those who told me of spirits and table turning, that they had very little spirit, and that the thing that was turned was certainly their poor heads. Nevertheless, I consented to attend a table séance, fully de-



CHALK SKETCH OF THE MEDIUM CASTEX-DEGRANGE MADE BY HIMSELF

He was Joint Director of the School of Fine Arts at Lyons; and died in 1918 in his 78th year

termined to bring their trickery to light. What was my amazement at finding that the mere imposition of the hands drew the little table to me.

"At a second séance they gave me a pen, telling me to ask the spirits, whoever they might be, to make me write.

"Immediately I was aware of the phenomenon, the possibility of which I had so often denied. My arm was held as if in a padded vice; my hand, without my volition, ran swiftly over the paper, covering it with dashes and circles; then suddenly it wrote the word 'Cambronne,'—all of which might have justified my contemptuous incredulity.

"For a long time my hand wrote only ridiculous or unpleasant jokes. But one morning I had just signed, as Assistant Principal, some attendance sheets, when I felt this phenomenon take place. At that time the principal of the school was M. Hedin, formerly an architect in Paris, where his daughter lived, the wife of an engineer, M. Forget. I took some paper to learn what the spirit wanted of me:

"*— Madame Forget is going to die—Madame Forget—Madame Forget.*

"I was so far from thinking of her, that I did not remember that this was the name of the Principal's daughter. And then, why should she die? She was young, and her father, with whom I was rather intimate, had not told me that she was ill.

"Twenty minutes later a messenger came to tell me that the Principal wanted me. I went to his office.

" 'Castex,' he said, 'I want to tell you that I may very soon ask you to take charge of the work. My daughter is about to become a mother. We have just received a telegram that she is ill. My wife has taken

the express this morning, and I shall join her soon. I will notify you.'

"I confess that I was struck by the coincidence, and that I was preoccupied,—so much so that I was careful not to mention what had happened to the Principal.

"That evening I was at dinner with my family. The bell rang. It was a maid bringing me a note from M. Hedin.

" 'Castex:—Will you take charge of the work tomorrow? I have just received a telegram from my wife. My daughter is worse. I am taking the express this evening.'

"When he arrived in Paris, Madame Forget was dead.

"I had a friend named Dolard. He was a little older than I, and left school when I entered as a student. I had also known his married brother. They were the only members of the family with whom I was acquainted. I became a teacher at the school, and continued to be on excellent terms with my good old friend, who often dropped into my office.

"One morning the Spiritualistic phenomenon appeared. My hand wrote:

"*— Dolard will come to ask you for the address of Poucet.*

"I was just finishing the lesson of my last pupil, when Dolard arrived. After giving him a friendly welcome, I said: 'Poucet lives at such a place.'

"Dolard was astonished.

" 'Isn't that what you came to ask me?

" 'Yes; but how did you know? It is another trick you have played on me!'

"I explained, and showed him the paper, but he went away without being in the least convinced. Three or four days afterward he came again.

"'Wretch,' he said to me; 'I cannot sleep because of you. Explain this new joke to me.'

"'My dear Dolard, it is not a joke.'

"'Ah, well, I am going to ask you a question. We will see if you are able to answer it.'

"'Do not ask it. That would prove nothing. Think it; we will see what the result will be.'

"'I understand. I have thought of a question.'

"After five minutes of waiting, my hand wrote the following reply:

"His sister Sophie has just reached the end of her suffering.

"I did not know that Dolard had a sister, who had died forty-two years before, and consequently did not know she was called Sophie.

"Dolard almost fainted."

It would be easy for me to add to my list. But to what purpose? Our opponents themselves, however they may differ from each other, admit these things frankly.

Two eminent Catholic philosophers of our day, the Abbé Bautain and Father Ventura, who wrote a preface to Mirville's book, "Les Esprits," declare that Spiritualistic facts "are the greatest that have ever been established." At the other end of the arena, Dr. Charles

Richet, of the Institute, says in terms equally frank:

> "Physiology teaches that a sound brain is necessary for intelligence, and we are led to conclude, in spite of ourselves, that there can be no intelligence without the brain. But, indeed, this conclusion goes beyond physiological experience, and, improbable as it may seem at first, one can, without absurdity, conceive of an intelligence which does not depend upon a brain." (Year 1905, Annales des Sciences Psychiques.)

I know of no stronger testimony in favor of the Spiritualistic hypothesis. It requires very powerful evidence to induce a great materialistic scholar to make such a statement.

It seems, then, that to all men who are anxious about our future, the question of human survival is worthy of careful consideration. Yet one discordant note has been heard recently, in the latest book of a distinguished man of letters. One reads on page 298 of "L'Hôte Inconnu," this amazing aphorism: "However, why call upon the dead?"

Only, profound philosopher, that we may know if they are living! It is a world of mourners which asks the question. Yet M. Maeter-

linck is not entirely consistent; on page 34 of the same book, apropos of ghosts, we find these words: "A special study of the subject should be made, for it is not devoid of interest."

It is precisely this "special study," conducted in full daylight, under the impulse of ordinary common sense, that I am submitting to the criticism of my contemporaries.

Of course spirits, messengers from heaven or hell, are not eagles, nor even eaglets. Their conversations, fantastic or bizarre, do not surpass the intellectual level of the street. That is one proof of the similarity of the two worlds, and not of the non-existence of spirits.

It is of this subject that M. Boirac, the lamented rector of the Academie de Dijon, wrote me a few days before his unlooked for death:

> "The true scientific spirit is impersonal, and approaches phenomena without preconceived explanations of their why and wherefore."

Furthermore, is the teaching of the spirits as worthless as some people say? Did it not show, before the experiments of Becquerel, of Crookes, and Curie, that there existed subtle

states of matter, and forms of life unknown to scholars?

That is why, between obscure and imperfect theories regarding the future of humanity—and facts, my reason chooses the facts, surprising as they may seem.

Let us, then, have confidence. Time has in store for us—who can say when!—a new science, which will be accepted by every civilized country:—a posthumous anthropometry.

There has been founded in Paris, at 4 Avenue Constant Coquelin, under the direction of Dr. Gustave Geley, a depository for carefully sealed packages containing imprints of hands and fingers, specimens of writing, and signatures, photographs, and replies of the depositors to the questionnaire on the envelope.*

* Nothing is easier than to obtain these impressions. Blacken a sheet of white paper with smoke from a piece of burning camphor. Press the hand and fingers on it, and they will leave a white impression on the black surface. Make a fixatif of alcohol and gum-lac, and pour the solution drop by drop on the paper containing the imprints, in such a way that the sheet is covered, and let it dry. The imprints are ineffaceable.

In addition here is a list of questions to which it will be well to reply in the sealed envelope as a proof of identity:

Where were you born?

Are your parents living? Give their names and addresses.

What have been your occupations—up to 20 years of age, from 20 to 30, and from 30 to 50?

When was this reproduction of impressions made?

With what grateful appreciation will this depository be received by posterity! For through these personal records of thought, style, signatures and photography, spirits will be able to identify themselves.

In summing up, the theme of "The Vanished Friend" is this: To every sincere mind, the existence of Over There is proved.

Further research will teach us more of this new existence. Nature has not revealed to us all her secrets. Our science is very young; it has centuries ahead of it. We are only laying the foundations. These foundations, once established, the greater part of the works on metaphysics and our contemporary philosophy will have exactly the same value as the enormous folios of the Middle Ages.

Rather than sustain ourselves by contradictions and deceptions, is it not preferable to live upon hopes based on scientific realities?

When I shall see the time approaching which is bound to come to all of us, I shall have a con-

Did you make it alone? Who helped you?
What did you desire to do, up to your death?
Was this hope realized? For what reason was it not realized?
Will you reproduce your signature? Your writing?

solation which, in spite of my desire for a sustaining belief, neither priests nor philosophers have been able to give me. Instead of the fear of a black and bottomless abyss, I shall expect the curtain to rise upon a beautiful landscape.

I have the most intense satisfaction over the accomplishment of an almost sacred duty. Now when religions are in jeopardy and philosophies give way, my feeble efforts will not be lost if they succeed in restoring in the souls of my human brothers the sense of the Divine—that sense which has been atrophied by the materialism of the one, and hypertrophied by the dogmatism of the other.

May the relation of these mysterious phenomena be as clear as an algebraic formula. May the familiar use of the methods of communication with those who have gone before, comfort those who weep, encourage those who suffer, and impress upon the timid this maxim:

Death is not the end of existence; it is a stage of development.

PART FIRST

THEORY



PORTRAIT OF TIA, QUEEN OF EGYPT

Sketched in the presence of Dr. Haas, of Nancy, by a single spasmodic movement of the hand of a medium who had never had a lesson in drawing. In Maspero's "History of Egyptology," Tia is said to have been a wife of Rameses III. (Extract from the *Bulletin de la Société de Nancy*.)

CHAPTER I

THE NATURE, OBJECT AND ORIGIN OF SPIRITUALISM

It is no more difficult to be born twice than once.
Voltaire.

Spiritualism, the history of which is as old as the world, has, in less than a hundred years, become a science. Like physics, chemistry, or entomology, it has been born of observation of certain mysterious facts.

1*—Its object is to prove the survival of man, and the possibility of communicating with the dead.

The records of its first manifestations appeared on the walls of prehistoric temples, on Assyrian tablets twenty-two centuries before Christ and in the crypts of Egyptian temples. Man has always called upon his vanished brother; he has consulted him, and he has accepted his advice because he believed him to be so near the gods.

As necromancy increased, it became a re-

* Note.—The figures are used to facilitate references to or from other parts of the book.

ligion, with its worship, priests and ceremonies. In all races the feminine temperament, nervous and sensitive, has been found especially adapted for its revelation, and there were many women among the seers and prophets in Hindu temples and the colleges of the Druids. According to Biblical records, the shade of Samuel, founder of the school of the prophets, when it announced to Saul that he would be killed in the battle of the following day, was raised by a woman, the Witch of Endor. The same Biblical records tell us that the practice of calling upon the spirits of the dead prevailed among the Children of Israel to such an extent that Moses, jealous of his religious authority, forbade it under penalty of death.

Nearer our own time, it was the books of the Sybils that predicted the fall of the Roman Empire, seven centuries before the invasion of the barbarians. Still later, tables began to turn.

2.—The Latin historian, Marcellin Mammien, records for us one of the first manifestations of this phenomenon:

Three officers asked who was to be the successor of the Emperor Valens, and the table

replied: *"It will be a wise and learned man, whose name begins with the letters t, h, e, o, d; but you will not see him. Your curiosity will cost you your lives."*

This consultation was reported to Valens, who ordered the three officers to be beheaded. Then all the prominent men in the Empire, popular enough to dream of the purple, and whose names began with the fatal letters, such as Theodore, Theodosius, Theodule—suffered the same fate. In this barbarous proscription he forgot only a subaltern officer, living in retirement in Spain. It was Emperor Theodosius I, called the Great.

However, neither persecutions nor dogmatic religion could stop the march of Spiritualism. Socrates, the sage of Greece, tells us of his invisible guide, with the same faith with which, much later, Joan of Arc bore witness to her Voices: "No; my Voices have not deceived me." Such was the last cry of the maid of Lorraine on the funeral pile at Rouen.

3.—Before the meditations of Descarte and the ecstasies of Pascal, a hostler, obscure and uneducated, had written the Koran, that book—

political, religious, authoritative—which is the foundation of Moslem civilization. From whose lips was it received? If you believe him, it was the Archangel Gabriel.

Furthermore, has legitimate science ever explained the astounding manifestations in the cemetery of Saint Médard, the detailed record of which brought its author, Carré de Montgeron, a member of Parliament, to disgrace and exile?

It is not without purpose that I pass in silence over the shadowy period of the sorcery of the Middle Ages. What is there in common between the revelers of the Witches Sabbath, ignorant and superstitious, and the trained investigators of this new born science, which speaks only by the authority of reason?

In entering upon the study of modern Spiritualism, it would be easy for me to show how universal is the belief in spirits; and to prove that the Chinese and Japanese, the tribes of the Congo, the Polynesians, the Fans, the Iroquois, and the Esquimaux, all base their religion upon the worship of their ancestors. Finally, I could relate the recent experience of Colonel de

Rochas, which shows clearly the scientific possibility of the separation of the spirit of a living man from his body—a belief which is met at the threshold of all primitive religions the world over.

But this subject belongs rather to the history of religions.

I will, however, pause to call attention to the recent movement of Spiritualism from the domain of Religion towards that of Science. To the skeptical reader, who smiles at such an idea, I will ask this simple question: Did the Italian, Galvani, foresee from the contractions of the legs of a frog, the enormous force which the discovery of electricity was to place in the hands of mankind?

4.—In 1846 one of the daughters of an American clergyman named Fox, hearing some knocks on the walls of her bedroom, said, in a loud voice: "If you are an intelligent spirit, strike three times!" And three knocks were heard.

5.—Less than fifty years afterwards, several distinguished scientists met in Algiers, at the Villa Carmen, to investigate Eva Bérand. Asleep in her arm chair, this medium occupied

a corner of the drawing room, separated by a woollen curtain from the rest of the apartment. All her movements were watched. The observers took care to scrutinize the smallest corners of the room, and to assure themselves that the doors and windows communicating with the exterior and interior of the house were hermetically closed. In a few moments a white cloud seemed to come out of the floor, then rise and expand. Soon a phantom appeared with all the attributes of life. Do you think this is an old woman's tale? Then read the description of the phenomenon written by one of the witnesses, Dr. Charles Richet, a member of the Institute.

> I have heard the sound of her footsteps, her breathing, her voice. I have touched her hand at different appearances; felt the bones of the wrist and hand, which yielded under the pressure of my grasp. This hand was jointed and warm. The phantom breathed into a bottle of clear baryta water, which I had taken pains to prepare myself, and a gurgling sound was produced, indicating the passage of air. The apparition blew harder, so that the bubbles in the water lasted about half a minute; then it passed the vial of baryta to me, and I discovered that the liquid had become entirely white."

Does not this testimony, which no one would think of challenging, given many years later regarding the happenings in the Villa Carmen, indicate the acceptance of the mysterious truths first vaguely suggested that day in the year 1846 in the house of the Rev. Mr. Fox?

6.—During the fifty years that elapsed between the manifestation in the Fox household, and the experience recorded by Dr. Richet, the most cautious men have studied phenomena of this nature. Messrs. Flammarion, Richet, Chazarin, and many others in France; William Crookes, President of the Royal Society of London, Robert Wallace, and Lodge, Rector of the University of Birmingham; Lombroso in Italy, and the Imperial Russian Counsellor Aksakoff. Professors Hyslop and Hodgson, in America, have given to two continents the amazing reports of their minute investigations.

7.—These phenomena seem always to be connected with those organisms which we call sensitives, and the scientific men to whom we have referred have pursued their investigations through the mediums Home, Eglinton and Balbin, Mrs. Piper and Signora Palladino. These

manifestations have included the levitation of the medium with the chair in which he sat; throwing at the feet of those present, in a closed room, fresh flowers covered with dew; the passing of a metal ring through the arm of a chair, and removing it again without any apparent break in the metal or in the chair; causing the apparition of a nun to appear—a sister of one of the witnesses of the marvel—and the phantom, to prove her presence, leaving the impression of her hand in paraffine.

Are we therefore to claim that all of the strange phenomena, which are not related to any known science, pertain to Spiritualism? Assuredly not.

Magic, sorcery and fetishism have their occult manifestations, which cannot be credited to intervention on the part of the dead. The levitation of a table is not, in itself, necessarily the act of a disembodied spirit. But if that table obeys an order, breaks off its motions only to resume them at a stated time—then these actions suggest the presence of an unseen intelligence.

One evening in the summer of 1867, on the

"Sybilla," sailing in the Indian Ocean, the following conversation, carried on by raps, took place between a group of midshipmen and a table strongly fastened to the floor to withstand the rolling of the ship:

A witness of the phenomenon was Lieutenant Leopold Dauvil, an officer of the Marines, who was going to New Caledonia.

? Your name?

— *Périou.*

? What were you when you lived on earth?

— *Maintopman.*

? What do you wish?

— *I came for fifteen francs that I borrowed of the Commandant.*

? What Commandant?

— *Yours.*

? Come, don't joke, Périou. You know where you are, on a French frigate, with officers. Go on.

— *Eh, bien, that is just why I am speaking to you. I had sailed before with your Commandant, when one day I received an order to embark on the "Loire." It was perhaps eight years ago. The morning I was to sail, as I was walk-*

ing up and down the wharf at Brest, I saw the Commandant. He was a good and just man, and I was not afraid to approach him. "Commandant," I said to him, "I am sailing with you on the 'Loire,' still as a maintopman, but I am in trouble; I have not a sou to leave with my wife, who will have nothing until pay day. If you can advance me a few sous, I will take them to her before going on board." The good Commandant put his hand in his pocket, and taking out three hundred-sous pieces, gave them to me, saying, 'There, my brave fellow, that is all that I have. You can pay me later." I thanked him, and ran to carry the fifteen francs to my wife. An hour later I was on board, and that evening I was at sea.

Unfortunately, during the voyage, on arriving at the Cape of Good Hope, the "Loire" encountered a terrific storm. I was clinging to the mainmast, but lost my hold, and fell into the sea. I was not able to pay back the fifteen francs to the Commandant, and that is what is troubling me.

Well, Périou, we will pay him for you.

— Make him understand, gentlemen, that it is from his old topman of the "Loire."

? And the name of the Commandant?

— I have told you that it is your Commandant. His name is M. Riou-Kérangal, captain of the frigate.

That evening Leopold Dauvil hesitatingly approached the Commandant. "Good evening, Commandant. Will you permit me to ask you a question?"

"Most willingly, Lieutenant. What can I do for you?"

"It is a curious story. Do you remember, Commandant, a brave topman who served with you several times, whose name was Périou?"

"Certainly. Why?"

"Did you lend him a little sum of fifteen francs, at Brest, seven or eight years ago, on the morning that the 'Loire' sailed, so that he could take it to his wife before going on board?"

"I believe that is entirely true, Lieutenant; but how could you know about it? I have never spoken to any one of this small service, which I had forgotten. As for topman Périou, he was

drowned in a heavy storm off the Cape of Good Hope, and could not tell a living soul."

"That, Commandant, is precisely the marvellous part of the story. The poor devil, regretting that he had left without having repaid the loan, and seeing the frigate which you are commanding pass, came on board yesterday evening to beg the midshipmen to recall it to your memory, and I, in behalf of the men, have been charged with the honor of reporting the matter to you."

"Ah, what magician's story have you come to tell me, my dear Lieutenant?"

"It is absolute truth, Commandant."

"I thank you, but we will drop the subject. Good evening, Lieutenant."

Nevertheless, a month later, on September 27th, 1867, the day the frigate docked at Noumea, the matter was again taken up briefly between the Commandant and the Lieutenant.

"My dear Lieutenant, I have thought more than once of that story you came to tell me of the topman, Périou. I am incredulous, and still I have been wondering if one can really return after death?"

"My commandant," the Lieutenant replied, "your midshipman Pornin, says so. I myself am beginning to believe it." (Extract from La Revue Scientifique et Morale du Spiritisme, for the year 1913.)

8.—One evening in 1911 I took tea at the house of a friend in the presence of a family recently interested in Spiritualism. In this party the memory of a pleasant young man, known by the familiar name of Pompon, who had died some years before, was very fresh. They asked Pompon to pass the cakes. He did so gracefully. The plate, however, passed Robert, the son of the house, so quickly that he did not have time to help himself. There were protests from all at the table: "Why, Pompon, you forgot Robert—such a good boy!" The plate drew near the neglected boy, only to move away immediately; then after several repetitions of this amusing play, which aroused the mirth of the company, it came and generously placed itself within reach of Robert's hand. These capricious pranks of the plate deserve to be judged by the same standard as the phantom at the Villa Carmen.

Here is another curious incident, but of an entirely different order:

9.—On September 21, 1774, after saying mass, Alphonse de Ligouri, fell back in his chair, where he remained unconscious for three days. His numerous servants (the family ranking among the highest of the Italian nobility) knew that he was in a trance, and refrained from disturbing him. A few miles away, on the same day, at the same hour, and during the same period, the entire pontifical court was assembled at the bedside of Clement XIV, who was dying. They saw there Alphonse de Ligouri assisting the Pope in his exhortations and prayers, and he did not leave until after he had drawn his last breath.

Since we have had Colonel Rochas' reports of his remarkable experiments in exteriorization, this separation of the spirit from the body of a living person, is no more marvelous than the pranks of Pompon. It is a manifestation of the power of the will—a fact, material or psychic, which does not come within the limits of this book, which is reserved only for facts of Spiritualism.

For greater clarity I have divided this part of the work into two sections, namely: Phenomena of Trance in Chapter II, and Conscious Phenomena in Chapter IV. Between these two chapters are presented on the one hand hypotheses explainable by Science; on the other hand those that can only be explained by Spiritualistic theory.

10.—Now; This theory is summed up in three principles, which I propose to establish as the basis of scientific experiments:

(a) We are surrounded by invisible beings, intelligent, and under the control of their own wills, with whom we can communicate.

(b) These beings, when they reveal themselves, have the form and language of human beings.

(c) We find among them sometimes our parents, our children, and our friends.

In its perfect state, Spiritualism, the outgrowth of proved facts, contains nothing else.

CHAPTER II

PHENOMENA OF TRANCE

I do not say that it is possible; I say that it is.
SIR WILLIAM CROOKES,
President of the Royal Society of London.

11.—What is known as a trance is, in those organisms which we call sensitives, a condition of somnambulistic sleep, of more or less intensity, which may be induced by fixing the gaze upon a point of light, or by the power of the will. This will, which produces hypnotization may have been exerted by the hypnotized person himself, or by some one else whose mentality is stronger than his own.

Whatever may have been its origin, the condition of trance greatly stimulates the physical organism of the medium, and it is possible that, if care is not taken, the nerve centers of the brain may be endangered.

Eglinton, Akaskoff's medium, in materializing an old man, became so exhausted that he

almost succumbed to convulsions, accompanied by spittings of blood. There was nothing surprising in this, when we recall that Home, Sir William Crookes' medium, in materializing a phantom, lost sixty-three pounds in weight, which he regained almost wholly upon its disappearance.

In view of such phenomena, the interest of some of the best minds of our time is not remarkable and the reports of their observations during the last forty years are eminently suggestive. In their investigations, one sees the same stage setting: in a corner of a darkened room, where no ray of daylight penetrates, is placed a couch or arm chair, on which the medium takes his place. A half drawn curtain hung from the ceiling allows him to be seen, while at the same time separating him from the persons present at the seance. The apartment is dimly lighted, generally by a lamp with a red shade, which is placed in an opposite corner of the room, and which is only bright enough to make it possible to read the hands of a watch.

Meanwhile the minutes slip away, while the observers await the phenomenon. Sometimes

they hold each other's hands, which seems to develop a psychic force, or they sing, in a low voice, a popular refrain, such, for instance, as "Frère Jaque," of our childhood.

After a while a warm breath seems to touch the faces of the sitters, and invisible hands pull their beards, or raise a book or hat, or place sugar plums between their lips.

12.—Sometimes the wonder takes form; human silhouettes are seen near the medium, announcing audibly the progress of the phenomenon. Mrs. Piper, a famous American sensitive, in her many years of mediumship, was constantly surrounded by voluble but invisible intelligences, who named themselves Phinuit, Pelham, Imperator, Rector and Prudens, controls of unequal ability, who have also aided by their interpretations the work of Professors Hyslop and Hodgson.

This rôle of the medium and her control was shown clearly by one of the most beautiful materialization seances given by Mme. d'Esperance, a medium of English origin, for the Russian Counsellor, Aksakoff. A young Arab girl,

Yolande by name, who died at the age of fifteen, was the principal actor.

13.—On that day, the 28th of June, 1890, the room where the séance was held was suddenly filled with the perfume of flowers, to such a degree that the medium was half suffocated. Mr. Aksakoff, at her request, filled a flower pot with mixed sand and earth. Yolande appeared and covered the pot with her veil. Under her manipulations, the white drapery rose slowly, and the young Arab disclosed the stalk of a lily, seven feet high bearing eleven blossoms covered with dew. Five of these flowers were eight inches in diameter; three were just opening, and three were still in bud. The lily remained thus for six days, during which time it was photographed.

But the medium wrote that Yolande had obtained the plant only on condition that it should be returned, as it did not belong to her. Its dematerialization was difficult, but at last on the seventh day, Yolande was able to accomplish it in seven minutes. The night preceding its disappearance, they found a piece of gray linen on the stalk, which Yolande said came from the country where the lily had sprouted. It seemed to be a fragment of a mummy-cloth, the linen still having the odor of the spices used in embalming. (Mme. d'Esperance, Au Pays de l'Ombre.)*

* NOTE.—Here is the description which Madame d'Esperance gives of the apparition of Yolande:

She was a young Arabian girl, beautiful, dark, elegant and slender. She was astonished by everything she saw. She delighted in music, and would sit down Turkish fashion to listen

Wonderful as may be this brief blossoming of a lily from the borders of the Nile, in the midst of London fogs, it does not reach the limits of the improbable as do the well-known "Conversations" of the spirit of Katie King with Sir William Crookes.

14.—Ably assisted by Florence Cook, a young medium of fifteen, the great physicist one day had the satisfaction of seeing come into the room, under an assumed name, the personality of one Anne Morgan, the daughter of a pirate of the time of Cromwell, who married an Indian prince, and died at the age of twenty-two.

She called herself Katie King, and promised to reappear at intervals for the next three years (1871-1874), which promise was kept. But these materializations became less and less frequent, because the health of the medium became affected. In the seances, the phantom talked with the children of Sir William Crookes, and told

to it. She changed her position frequently. The light shone fully upon her clothed in thin draperies which brought out the beauty of her olive complexion, her neck, shoulders, arms and ankles. She enjoyed adorning herself with the trinkets and jewels of the ladies who were present at the séances. Once, after she had vanished, her scarf which she had dropped remained a moment on the floor of the salon, then disappeared in its turn, no one knew how.

them interesting stories of her adventurous life. Katie even permitted them to kiss her, and in doing so they discovered that her body offered the resistance of matter; her heart and pulse were regular, her complexion white, and her skin soft to the touch.

Here I cannot resist the temptation to give an extract from "The Spiritualist" of May 29th, 1874, describing the farewell seance on the 21st of that month:

> At twenty-three minutes past seven Miss Cook entered the dark cabinet, where she lay down on the floor with her head resting on a cushion. At seven-thirty Katie came outside the curtain in full view. She was dressed in white with short sleeves and low neck, her long golden hair fell in curls on each side of her head and down her back. She spoke of her departure, and accepted the bouquet which Mr. Tapp had brought her. She asked him to untie the flowers, and put them on the floor before her. Then she sat down, Turkish fashion, and asked us all to sit around her in the same way. She divided the flowers, giving to each one a little bouquet which she tied with a blue ribbon. She also wrote several farewell letters to her friends, and signed them *Annie Owen Morgan*, saying that was her true name during her life on earth. Katie then took some scissors and cut a large lock of her hair, giving away generous portions of it. She also cut large pieces from her dress and veil,

making gifts of them. Then, holding the holes she had made up to the light, she struck a blow underneath, and instantly the material became as whole and intact as before she cut it. She next gave some final instructions to Sir William Crookes, then repeated her adieux to every one in the most affectionate manner, after which she passed behind the curtain and became invisible. She was overheard saying to the medium, who begged her tearfully to stay a little longer, *"My mission is accomplished. May God bless you."* Then we heard her farewell kiss.

15.—Katie, in bidding goodbye to the company, said that in the future she would not be able either to speak to us or to show her face; that in completing these three years of psychic manifestations she had passed through a very painful period of expiation for her sins; that she had resolved to raise herself to a higher level in the spiritual life; and that while she could communicate by writing through her medium only at long intervals, yet the medium could always see her by means of a trance.*

16.—When, thirty years later, the President of the Royal Society of London was questioned at a public seance as to the authenticity of these statements, he only said: "I do not say that it is possible; I say that it is."

* NOTE.—A relative of Sir William Crookes, who had a young child, was present at one of the phenomena of materialization of Katie King. The latter asked if she might hold the baby an instant in her arms, and then gave it back to its mother. When the child grew up, it could boast of the unique experience of having been held in the arms of a ghost.

Compared with the authority of Sir William Crookes, and with reports signed by the names of Flammarion, Richet, Aksakoff, Lombroso, etc., what weight have the systematic negations of those who without making any investigations, entertain a chronic doubt. What object would they have, these eminent men of England, France, Russia and Italy, in trying to deceive us? To be sure, the facts they report, did not happen in a club, or in a public place; there may have been ten observers—not more. Yet how many of those who have believed the word of Pasteur, have seen through his microscope all the minute organisms which he has discovered?

Yet it is proper to record some of the objections to the spiritistic hypothesis. One is, the dim light in which the phenomena take place, and another is that some professional mediums have been frauds.

The reply to the first is, that, as darkness is necessary for the study of astronomy, or for the development of a photograph, so it seems to be necessary for the development of this type of phenomena. And to the second objection we

may say that if a professional medium has been detected in aiding the development of a phenomenon by an involuntary or reflex action, or by a voluntary action, it does not follow that all mediums nor all experiments are tainted with fraud.

Besides, are these accusations well founded?

17.—Eusapia Palladino, another medium at the Villa Carmen, was accused by a servant who had been dismissed from the Villa Carmen, and by an English Committee from the University of Cambridge, of having helped with her own hand in the levitation of a table.

Against these unproved assertions we have the word of Dr. Charles Richet, who declared that never for a moment did this dismissed domestic have access to the salon which was kept only for these experiments. Also M. Maxwell, a Judge of the Municipal Court of Paris, who had proved in many points the entire honesty of Eusapia, took up her defence vigorously, showing the defects in the management of the investigations at Cambridge.

Moreover, could fraud be undetected by such vigilant oversight?

Guests of Dr. Hodgson, who was charged with the examination of Mrs. Piper when she was in England, were admitted to her presence only under assumed names, and sometimes masked. This American medium was operating in a foreign land. They chose as her maid an uneducated country girl, who was ignorant of all that took place outside of her own duties. What was practically a police force surrounded the house in which Mrs. Piper lived, and her trunks were carefully searched to make sure that she had brought no evidential information with her from America.

In a word, the surveillance that was exercised and the integrity and authority of the writers of the reports, give these investigations the stamp of unquestionable truth.

This chapter would be incomplete if I passed over some facts that are on a higher and more mysterious level than the phenomena of a material order, and which have been called prophetic revelations. I am not considering here those sublime inspirations, the sacred books which are the foundation of all systems of ethics, and are held in equal veneration by all

civilized men—but those predictions, lay or ecclesiastical, made by persons in trances, which from century to century throw a glimmer of light on what I am venturing to call the "archives of the future."

There is no doubt that certain prophecies have been fulfilled. To prove this I will quote three, the realization of which is actually in sight.

18.—The oldest spoken in 1590 by St. Malachy, describes, in twenty-nine laconic phrases, the characteristics of the reigns of the twenty-nine popes who should follow him.

Thus the legend for Pius VII—(aquila rapax) the rapacious eagle—suggests his imprisonment; that of Leo XIII—(lumen in coelo), light in the heavens—his profound political sagacity; that of Benedict XV—(religio depopulato)—Christendom destroyed; or perhaps more exactly, religion withdrawn from the people, having become unpopular.

And without contradiction the unknown seer follows his oracles down to the latest of St. Peter's successors.

19.—The second prophecy, in regard to the

Antichrist, credited to Brother Johannes, covers the period from the 17th century to the victory for which we are now waiting.

Canon Coubé and M. Maeterlinck have easily disposed of this matter by denying the authenticity of the prophecy. But at least they must recognize its priority over the military events which have followed its publication in September, 1914, in the *Figaro*.

I may add also that this authenticity goes back at least to the year 1866, the date of its publication by the curé of Sufflenheim, in Alsace. A copy of this prophecy was added in 1909 to my own collection of divinations, which was abandoned upon the invasion of my country. There is very great interest to-day in comparing these verses of Brother Johannes with accomplished facts.

PREDICTIONS	REALIZATIONS
The true Antichrist will be one of the monarchs of his time, a son of Luther; he will call upon his God, and he will believe himself His representative.	PROCLAMATION OF WILHELM II TO HIS ARMY: REMEMBER THAT YOU ARE THE CHOSEN PEOPLE. I AM THE INSTRUMENT OF THE MOST HIGH; I AM HIS SWORD, HIS REPRESENTATIVE.

This prince of liars will have only one arm; but his innumerable armies, who will take for their motto "God With Us," will seem like the legions of hell.

"GOTT MIT UNS" IS ENGRAVED ON THE UNIFORM OF THE BOCHE; AND DOES HE NOT COMMAND INFERNAL HORDES?

There will be learned men in his employ who will prove his heavenly mission, and will testify to it.

WE ALL RECALL THE STATEMENT OF THE NINETY-THREE INTELLECTUALS.

There will be an eagle in his coat of arms, and also in that of his associate, the other wicked monarch. But this one is a Catholic, and he will die from the curse of Pope Benedict, who will be chosen at the beginning of the reign of the Antichrist.

HERE WE MUST GO BACK TO THE ENTRANCE OF THE AUSTRIAN EAGLE INTO THE WAR, AND THE ELECTION OF BENEDICT XV AT THE END OF 1914.

There will not be in the Christian world a spot that will not be red. The sky, the earth, the water, and even the air, will be red; for blood will flow in the four elements.

AËROPLANE CONTESTS WERE DIMLY FORESEEN BY THE PROPHET.

The Antichrist will ask many times for peace.

THE FIRST PEACE PROPOSITION WAS PRESENTED BY GERMANY IN DECEMBER,

1916. THE SECOND APPEARED IN THE AUSTRIAN PRESS AT THE END OF MARCH, 1917, AT THE INSTIGATION OF COUNT CZERNIN, THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

When the Beast finds himself defeated, he will become mad. It will need for some months the beak of the white eagle (Russia), the claws of the leopard (England), and the spur of the cock, to control him. The Antichrist will lose his crown, and he will die in solitude and madness.

WE HAVE OBSERVED THE SAVAGE FURY OF MURDER AND DESTRUCTION WHICH IS CHARACTERISTIC OF GERMAN WARFARE.

The white eagle, by order of St. Michael, will drive the crescent out of Europe, which will be left only to the possession of Christians. He will establish himself in Constantinople.

ST. MICHAEL IS THE RELIGIOUS PROTECTOR OF RUSSIA, AS ST. GEORGE IS OF ENGLAND.

After this there will be an era of peace and prosperity for the whole world, and there will be no more war, each nation being governed according to its own wish and with justice.

At the hour of writing these lines, we can only hope for the fulfillment of the last three verses of the prophecy.

The third prediction is from a secular source. Its priority to the wars of 1870 and 1914-17, rests on the testimony of two persons, as far removed from Spiritualism as they are from ecclesiasticism—Dr. Tardieu and Dr. Charles Richet.

The circumstances under which it was produced were not unusual.

20.—One evening in July, 1869, M. Sonrel, a student at the Paris Observatory, while crossing the Luxembourg Garden with his friend, Tardieu, paused suddenly, and, with a cry of anguish, predicted in a few words the terrible misfortunes which were to come upon France, upon the family of his friend, and upon himself. As this prophecy is connected with the questions of inspiration and divination, I will report it at the end of the following chapter upon Explanatory Hypotheses.

CHAPTER III

EXPLANATORY HYPOTHESES

> "Occultism has brought to the science of man a contribution as precious as that made by biology, ethnology or psychology."
>
> MGR. CHOLLET, Archbishop of Cambrai: *"De la contribution de l'occultisme à l'anthropologie."*

Without meaning any disrespect towards many persons of undeniable authority, I cannot escape from a certain skepticism in regard to philosophers and priests, the first prisoners of their methods and systems, the others of their ceremonies and their faith.

Reason must be allowed to reach its own conclusions without hindrance.

Improbable as some of the manifestations of Spiritualism may seem, it must be admitted that they do not conflict with any primal belief, or any accepted scientific facts.

Moreover, the objections of some orthodox believers indicate an error in their understanding of history and dogma.

Who, indeed, were the prophetesses of St. Paul, if not inspired mediums? And what were the ecstasies of St. Thérèse unless mystical trances?

The flowering of Yolande's lily (13) recalls Aaron's rod, which is described in these words in the Old Testament:

> 21.—. . . And take of every one of them a rod . . . write thou every man's name upon his rod. . . . And it came to pass that on the morrow Moses went into the tabernacle . . . and behold, the rod of Aaron was budded and brought forth buds, and bloomed blossoms, and yielded almonds. (*Numbers XVII.*)

One looks in vain in the whole New Testament for any word that forbids calling upon the dead. Christ Himself supports the argument for reincarnation when He says:

> 22.—For all the prophets and the law prophesied until John. And if ye will receive it, this is Elias, which was for to come. . . . Elias is reincarnated in the soul of John the Baptist.* . . . But I say unto you that Elias is come already and they knew him not. . . . (*Matthew XI,* 13-14: *XVII,* 9-13.)

And again, addressing Nicodemus:

> Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God. . . .

* This line does not correspond with the English Version.

> That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I say unto thee, Ye must be born again. (*John III,* 3-6.)

Now let us consult the Church Fathers:

23.—After having mentioned apparitions and phenomena of this kind, the most celebrated of them adds:

> Why should we not attribute these occurrences to the spirits of the dead, and believe that the Divine Providence makes good use of everything, to instruct men, to console them, and to frighten them? (*Letters of St. Augustine.*)

24.—In our day, Lacordaire wrote in the same vein, apropos of table-turning:

> Perhaps also by this divulgation God wishes to balance the development of material forces with the development of spiritual forces, in order that men may not forget, in the presence of mechanical marvels, that there are two worlds, one included in the other, the world of the flesh and the world of the spirit. (*Letter of June 20, 1853, to Mme. Swetchine.*)

Against these two ecclesiastical authorities, Canon Coubé opposed, from the pulpit of the Madeleine, an absolutely contrary theory. The popular preacher maintained (see l'*Idéal* for May, 1917) that in spite of the restrictive mean-

ing of the Latin word "ipse" the words of Jesus "This is Elias" (22) should be understood in an allegorical sense, and that it only meant that St. John was the image and not the reincarnated personality of Elias. That may be; but why construe literally—that is to say in a quite different sense—the words of the Lord's Supper, spoken by Jesus after the breaking of bread? It is very much to be regretted that in a matter so delicate and important, this dogmatic method of interpretation remains indifferent to scientific processes.

Then, more concerned with the acts of the devil than the reassuring thoughts of St. Augustine and Lacordaire, Canon Coubé did not refuse to acknowledge table turning. Here is the very suggestive record of an experiment in which he took part in February, 1917.

> On February 15, 1917, wishing to inform myself from the beginning and *de visu*, upon a subject which I have had to discuss, and of which I shall have to treat again, and duly provided with a special episcopal permit, I attended a Spiritualist séance at the house of a friend.
>
> There were present, besides myself, three gentlemen and four ladies, entirely honorable persons, whom

I knew well. The three ladies who were to sit at the table were of absolutely good faith. They had scarcely placed their hands upon it when it began to move.

(Here follows a dialogue between the table and one of the gentlemen, which offers nothing of striking interest, except a prediction that the war would end in July, 1917. Some one played the Waltz of the Waves on the piano, and the table danced in perfect time. The narrator continues):

They placed a rosary on the table. Immediately it gave itself up to disorderly and violent movements until it had thrown off the object which was so odious to it. Then it gradually became calm.

Some one said to it: "Are you a spirit?"

"*Yes.*"

"Are you a demon? Are you Satan?"

"*Yes.*"

We all looked at each other, a little nonplussed. A moment later I asked the soldier to replace the rosary. At once the table began to move about with great violence. It seemed as if an enraged animal was trying to free itself from a dart thrust in its flesh. It dashed to the right and to the left, knocking against persons and chairs and walls, until the rosary had fallen off. I said to it in an authoritative tone:

"You are afraid of the Holy Virgin; she has conquered you; she is all powerful, and has no fear of you."

> I thought it was going to leap at my face, and I recoiled a little; it started to walk over me, escaping from the control of the ladies. The soldier tried to stop it. It bounded about furiously; at last it leaped so violently that one of the three feet of the tripod was broken, and it fell to the floor. The broken place was a clean break in the solid wood.

In closing, Canon Coubé sums up his views in these two propositions:

> "Is it the devil that told us by table turning that the war will end in July, 1917? Yes; unquestionably.
>
> Then do you believe that the war will end in July, 1917? I know absolutely nothing about it."

Three days after reading in l'*Idéal* of March, 1917, of this conference, which, in these days of spirit intercourse had at least the merit of reality, I begged my mediums to unite in producing a counter proof.

My colleagues and myself met, then, around a little table on the third of the following April; it began to move promptly; then, the question being asked, it replied without hesitation that the presence of a rosary would at no time cause it any trouble. A rosary and some twigs of box were placed on this table, which was more tolerant than that of Canon Coubé; there was no agitation, nor the slightest sign of repulsion.

This calmness did not surprise us, for we had known for a long time the intelligent force which animated our instrument. Its relations with our group had always been marked by very great courtesy. Nevertheless, we did not stop with a single trial. The sitting was interrupted, and resumed at the end of a few minutes; another wandering intelligence made the table turn, said a few words to us, and bore with just as much composure as the first the contact of the box and the rosary.

The Prince of Darkness has never, so far as I know, expressed a particular fondness for white, a color which facilitates levitation, nor any marked repulsion for certain kinds of wood, which interfere with it; still less has he shown an unconquerable aversion to the lighter metals, which sometimes make levitation impossible. If one asks a question of an aluminum table, it refuses absolutely to respond!

What can be said, then, except that the preacher of the Madeleine has been duped by a facetious spirit, who amused himself by terrifying the priest—the other world being, in this respect, as I will show later, only the reflection

of our own. Ruhlmann, the miner of Courrières, who, when he was living, uttered his cry of hate, "A bas la calotte!" (50), would surely have resisted anyone who tried to put a rosary around his neck! Furthermore, what faith can we have in Satan's affirmation of his identity, if we refuse to believe his predictions? Is it necessary to say that, from the scientific point of view, an assertion of identity based upon only half of the known facts, can not be considered as proof?

Or is it possible seriously to represent Satan as having become a teacher of the love of God, of brotherhood, and of the doctrine of survival—that consoling hope in all religions!—and to consider as followers of evil, men who believe just as firmly as Christians in the goodness of the Almighty?*

* NOTE TO AMERICAN EDITION, JULY, 1919.—At the height of the Second Battle of the Marne, the Bishop of London did not hesitate to proclaim to the faithful his belief in the intervention of invisible beings in that terrible combat.

"Lift your eyes," he wrote them, "towards that other world, which is helping us in this tremendous struggle, that has come like a cataclysm upon humanity; that world which calls upon us to make a stand for righteousness. What a stimulus to our defenders if they could see the millions of spirit friends who are aiding them, sustaining them, and are there, close at hand, to receive in their arms those that fall! (Monde Invisible, July, 1918.)

Yet between dogmatic opposition—which we combat—and honest criticism, there are intermediate hypotheses which, however, instead of solving the problem, make it more complicated.

Theosophical Hypotheses. According to theosophists, all phenomena of this nature are the monstrous result of an astral shell and an elemental. For one mystery they substitute another. It seems more reasonable to believe that phantoms are of human origin; certainly photographs of them have never given us pictures of unknown monsters!

26.—Hallucination — Hysteria. Those who have read only Jules Bois, Mme. de Thebes, and Leo Taxil, and those who have seen only some acts of somnambulism, hasten to accuse observers of spiritualistic phenomena, of hallucination, and their assistants, the mediums, of hysteria. Such suppositions border upon absurdity. It is as unreasonable to believe that a collective hallucination could pervert, at the same time and in the same manner, the sight and hearing of from five to ten persons, as to assume that Messrs. Flammarion, Maxwell, Richet and de Rochas, are individually victims

of delusion. These men would be the first to expose symptoms of hysteria—contractions, partial paralysis, anasthesia, or narrowing of the field of vision, which they might detect in their mediums. As far as I am concerned, the best medium I have tried was a retired artillery officer, of strong constitution, whose passion for abstract science had not been weakened by age.

27.—**The Fourth Dimension of Zollner: The Absolute of Hartmann.** Two German professors, the astronomer Zollner and the philosopher von Hartmann, have built their explanatory systems upon two theories, entirely different, but equally strange.

The first imagines the hypothetical existence of a fourth dimension of matter; the second the union of the dream consciousness of the individual with the consciousness of the Absolute.

A thing of four dimensions seems to me as inconceivable as one that should lack either length, breadth or thickness. Moreover, I confess frankly that I do not understand the relation which may exist between the fourth dimension of Zollner and the twelve-year-old daughter of Judge Edmunds, in America, speaking some-

times eight languages, when she knows only three. Nor do I perceive by what mechanical power of the Absolute, a pencil placed between two slates screwed together, is able to write messages from invisible intelligences.

Nebulous ideas, hollow phrases:—such, in regard to these questions, is the German philosophical trash.

Putting aside fanciful or unintelligible solutions, we now come to a series of scientific arguments which, all together, have thrown some glimmer of light upon our obscure fate.

28.—Partial Exteriorization of the Spirit. Thought is an act of the brain, as a blow is an act of the biceps. It can be reasonably compared to an electric spark, produced by the cerebral muscles, and disturbing by its vibrations the sea of ether in which we are immersed, causing ripples like those made by a stone falling into quiet water. In their travels these ripples can impress, thousands of miles away, other brains *en rapport* with the first, either through sympathy or attraction.

Our African history is full of facts of such synchronism.

29.—Speaking of the unexampled rapidity with which native news crosses the desert, the Marquis de Morès writes:

> "The Arabs do not communicate news by means of signal fires—yet it is seen; they do not communicate it by cries—yet it is heard. News is sent mentally through the agency of old Mohammedan priests, ascetics, who have for a long time trained themselves, by unknown methods, to project their thoughts to a distance."

30.—Commandant Dauvil, of the Infantry of the marine, reports an instance of projection of thought, which I will repeat:

> In 1884, on the Isle of Reunion, at an evening party at the house of the English Consul, this officer hypnotized a young naval clerk named Cossé, then ordered him to go to Bordeaux and tell them what he saw at the Place de la Théâtre.
>
> Cossé gave first a description of the building, of its peristyle, even of the crowd which thronged the steps of the great stairway. Then he rose suddenly, crossed the room, made the motion of going upstairs, and bent over towards a picture.
>
> "What do you see there?" asked the Commandant.
>
> "The placard," he answered.
>
> "What placard?"
>
> "The one in the frame under the grillwork."
>
> "Then tell what you see."
>
> "A yellow poster. Listen." In the midst of the

profound silence of the spectators, this young man, three thousand miles from Bordeaux, read: *"Grand Theater of Bordeaux—This Evening, Saturday, October* 24, 1884: *First Production of Aïda; Music by Verdi."*

Twenty-five days later, upon the arrival of the packet boat from France, the newspaper "La Gironde" announced to the military club on the Isle of Reunion that on the date of the English Consul's party, Aïda was played at the theater in Bordeaux, the music by Verdi.

Like thought, sensation also is able to free itself temporarily from the envelope of the body. This has been clearly demonstrated by the astounding experiences of Colonel de Rochas.

In the course of one of the phases of hypnotic sleep, this skilful investigator transferred the sense of feeling from his subject into a glass of water four meters away. And he did this so completely that he could prick the man, or pinch his arms or legs, without calling forth any protest, while the patient would cry out with pain when the colonel put a needle into the glass of water.

Hence it is seen on every side that contemporaneous philosophy is, through these extraor-

dinary discoveries, approaching a spiritualistic explanation of phenomena.

31.—Under hypnotic stimulation, the medium's thought vibrates across the world, collects facts, penetrates the minds of others toward whom it is drawn by mutual sympathy—then brings back to the persons present at the seance the facts and ideas which it has collected. This is Spiritualism—which has been called telepathy, or thought transference, or mind reading.

Nevertheless, simple as such explanations may be, there are serious objections to them.

No one has explained why these vibrations, originating in the brain and traveling into space, do not diminish with distance, as ripples of water lessen as they progress from the point of disturbance; nor why the phenomena of thought transference and mind reading are so rare, when the ceaseless projections of thought across space could be reckoned by millions of millions.

32.—Another question suggests itself: If thought transference is spontaneous—that is to say taking place in the midst of the occu-

pations of daily life—why does it generally produce its effect only between persons united by ties of blood or friendship?

It is the title of "thought transference" which especially delights M. Maurice Maeterlinck. In his hands the telepathic theory has taken on such elasticity, that he admits as a possibility that the revelations of an entranced medium come, not only from what he has been able to see and hear for himself at whatever distance from the place of the experiment, but also from what he has been able to see and hear through other persons, who are unknown to him, but whom his thought encountered in its wanderings. This wandering "thought" is impressed by the consciousness or memory of these strangers, who thus serve, without their knowledge, as intermediaries between what is unseen and silent, and the experimenters.

This would be a perfect key, if only it was able to unlock all our riddles! But it will not work when it is applied to communications from generations long since vanished. (52-3-4).

33.—**Unconscious or Subconscious.** Our personality, our ego, is made up of two factors

constantly at work;—first the conscious part, which is our waking intelligence, charged with connecting unceasingly the act which has been accomplished, with that which is still to be accomplished. This consciousness regulates our daily life. The second is the subconscious part, made up of sleeping memories, or the "latent" memory of Hartmann, into which the will does not penetrate, and which may be compared to the storehouse of a theatre, filled with the properties of a drama no longer played. It is by this subliminal self that, either in dreams, or suddenly in the midst of preoccupations of daily work, we revive memories of our youth long since lost. It is also due to this subconscious self that our recollections are not effaced by the constant renewing of our cellular organism.

But it still remains to be explained—and the advocates of the subliminal neglect to do this—why these dead memories are revived by the contact of the hands with a table, and how these recollections change into apparitions or entirely unexpected revelations.

34.—Collective Consciousness. The two theories of the radiation of the spirit and the

existence of the subliminal, led M. Boirac, rector of the University of Dijon, to make some experiments, which resulted in the following psychical conclusion: A personalilty, expressing intelligence and will, formed (without their knowledge) from the collective intelligences of those present, can take shape and manifest itself. It is this collective consciousness which transmits to the table, through the *force odique* of the medium, things which may be in the conscious or unconscious memory of the sitters.

Now the first objection which comes to my mind is this: Suppose I ask my usual supernatural correspondent as to historical subjects which are familiar to me. These very simple questions embarrass him. He continually replies, "I do not know—I do not know." What, then, has become, on that day, of the collective consciousness of those present, at a time when my memory was opened to it like a book? In the same way, one cannot conceive the part of a collective consciousness in the following incident, taken from M. Sage's book "Madame Piper":—Robert Hyslop, discarnate, in the

midst of a long communication to his son, Professor James Hyslop, says: "I feel myself growing faint; I will go away for a moment; wait for me. I will return." And during his absence another invisible intelligence comes into the conversation.

35.—Theory of Nervous Energy. Independent of the mental facts relating to the collective consciousness, there are others that are visible and tangible; movements of the table, the carrying about of articles, and loud knocks, are called physical phenomena, which M. Maxwell attributes to the involuntary activity of the nerve centers of the sitters. Just as one mind unites with another mind, so the vital force of the sitters unite, outside their bodies, in a form of nervous energy, capable of producing mechanical and plastic effects.

Here, also, the explanation is insufficient.

In fact, this force, subject to the physical laws of attraction and repulsion, normally operates in a straight line. It is, then, acting in violation of these known laws when the plate promenades in a circle around the table, and dodges to the right or left to evade Robert's

hand. (8) Another thing: the table stops sometimes in the course of a very successful experiment, no matter how persistent the laying on of hands may be. It resumes its movements only at its own pleasure, and not at the instance of the sitters. This is another failure of the subliminal, of the theory of nervous energy, and of the collective consciousness.

Thus it appears that on this baffling subject, Science returns to our interrogations unsatisfactory and incomplete replies.

Now let us return to the prophecy of Sonrel (see page 20) which we left, first to analyze these systems of philosopy, and then to ask them a final question;—From what source do the prophets get their inspiration? Let me say again that this report, of which I am quoting only the passages whose fulfillment is in sight, has been transmitted to us by persons who are above suspicion, Dr. Tardieu and Dr. Richet.

36.—*I. Oh, what is it! What is it!—It is war. Sedan! What a battle! Oh, my fatherland, oh my country! What disaster! What a catastrophe!*

II. There you are at the Siege of Paris.

III. Look! I am a commissioned officer. What!—I shall die in three days.

IV. Oh! My God! My poor wife is pregnant with a child I shall never know.

V. You will marry—you will suffer. You will weep close to a woman who is in agony. Courage, you will triumph!

VI. (Here follow some interesting predictions about the personal life and family of Tardieu.)

VII. Ah, My God! My country is lost. France is dead. What disaster! Ah—see! She is saved! She has reached the Rhine. Oh, France! Oh, my beloved country, thou art triumphant! Thou art the queen of the nations! Thy spirit is resplendent in the universe. All the world admires thee!

It is well to note in passing that M. Tardieu, basing his words upon the fulfillment of the prophecies in No. VI, which have been kept private, announced to his friends in May, 1914, that war would come before September.

Now what do the most profound psychologists say of this abrupt clairvoyance?

There are those who claim, in a comparison more striking than true, that a prophet is a blind man who, hurling his projectiles in all directions, hits, one time in a thousand, by a

happy chance, the mark which he does not see.

M. Sonrel does not have the hesitating or vague motion of a blind man; he speaks but once; and, if we wish to follow out the comparison, we will show that of the seven arrows which he shot, six have already hit the bull's eye.

Other dialecticians, of which M. Maeterlinck is the chief, affirm, without, however, furnishing proof, that the future is in its essence contained in the present, and that certain privileged persons are able to discern it.

First of all, what is meant by essence?

Upon the definition of this word we all agree. It is something hidden which is not known to us by our senses, but of whose existence we are certain because it explains to us the meaning of another thing which is perceived by our senses.

37.—Thus in a grain of corn we recognize the presence of a vital force which possesses, not only the power to develop the stem, the leaves and the first ear, but, more than this, the germ of millions of grains which will, in the same way, produce their first ear of corn. Its

essence is so individual that, placed in the same soil as the hemlock, the corn will assimilate only beneficent matter, while its neighbor will draw a deadly poison from the same elements.

Let us proceed to the application.

The prophet Sonrel, in a flash of ecstasy, foresaw a succession of facts which were not related to each other; two of them (I and VII) were general in their application; the others (II, III, IV, V, VI) were personal and particular.

The first six have been fulfilled. M. Sonrel, made captain of a battalion of engineers in November, 1870, died three days later, on the 20th of the same month, of smallpox. His wife was in the third month of her pregnancy, and the child, as he said, he would never know. Mme. Tardieu died, six years after her marriage, of a liver trouble.

The fulfillment of the last prophecy (VII) is in sight.

If we admit that the hardships of the War of 1870, and the bloody conflict of our own day, are only successive and fatal phases of the old rivalry between the two nations, the allusions looking forward to the defeat of the one and the

final triumph of the other, mark the words of M. Sonrel with a prophetic character.

But it is necessary to recognize clearly how inexplicable is the relation between the personal facts contained in Nos. II to VI and the general historical events of I and VII. Between these two classes of facts there is no connection. Just as the development of the grain of corn and the growth of the hemlock proceed from different qualities, so the uprisings of mankind in war have nothing in common with the obscure incidents of our individual and ephemeral lives.

38.—The future, then, is not in its essence—that is to say in every hypothesis, contained in the present.

Applied to the prediction of Johannes, this method of analysis brings us to the same conclusion. We say this advisedly. Upon the height of prophetic lucidity, a formidable barrier, which only a superhuman inspiration can break through, arrests every effort of penetration on the part of philosophic science.

What is the source of this superhuman inspiration? The theory of Spiritualism will tell us.

CHAPTER IV

PHENOMENA OF CONSCIOUSNESS

> "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put aside childish things."
> ST. PAUL, *First Epistle to the Corinthians*, xiii, 11.

It was to a chance conversation at a hotel dinner table in 1907, that I owe my introduction to Spiritualism. Some officers sitting near me were speaking of the phenomena of table turning. I was far from sharing their convictions, and did not hesitate to say so; this incredulity led me to make a wager, which I lost almost completely. At our first attempt the table refused to turn; but later it spoke by tipping and knocking, the knocks indicating the letters of the alphabet. Its replies regarding the age of those present and the contents of their purses were a mixture of truth and errors. The next day it was more communicative, answer-

ing our questions readily; in fact, behaving in such a spirited manner that we were obliged to bring the sitting to a close.

But the memory of this first encounter with inert matter, inexplicably endowed with force and intelligence, induced me the following year, upon my installation at Nancy, to seek admission to the Psychic Society of that town. I met there, to my astonishment, persons endowed with the strange faculty of conversing, without any special preparation, with invisible beings. A few moments of placing their hands upon a table, or upon an easily running planchette, sufficed to start the conversation. My astonishment became stupefaction when two of the number, M. and Mme. C...., alleging that they were in communication with deceased members of their family, made the following statement:

39.—Every Friday evening, at eight o'clock, the spirit of Thérèse, Mme. C....'s mother, came like a living person to inquire about the health of her children, and to care for their interests. On these days, at gradually increasing intervals, there came also, under the pseudonym of Pius IX, the great grandfather of

Mme. C...., a minister at Lille at the end of the eighteenth century. His communications were of the most lofty character, dwelling upon the goodness of the Almighty, and expressing contempt for riches, and pity for the unfortunate.

All these singular happenings, reported at our weekly meetings on Thursdays, aroused in my mind the idea that they might be able to throw some light upon certain facts in the problem of human destiny. I resolved to make experiments, as the other seekers did, and to apply to my investigations the methods which were least dangerous, and most easy to control.

40.—My mediums, with or without education, intelligent or simple, have been taken from all grades of society, the only condition being that they had no psychical experience. I have never magnetized or hypnotized them, or put them into a trance; that is to say, they were, like those who surrounded them, wide awake. Moreover, all the experiments in which I have taken part, either as a medium or as an interrogator, have been carried on in a bright light.

After a few rather tentative seances between

my first two mediums, Mme. D.... and Mme. S...., and an invisible communicator who was only slightly acquainted with the ouija, the conversation took, on June 17, 1915, a very unexpected turn. This extra-terrestrial operator had informed me several days before that I had a spiritual protector, and that this protector, of whom he could not give me any details of his life or his origin, was St. Michael.

41.— ? What must I do to please St. Michael?

— *Get a medal.*

? Where shall I get it?

— *At Prévot's, in the rue Saint-Georges.*

(We were all three ignorant of the name of the jeweler, and of the location of his shop. I asked for precise directions.)

? What is the number of Prévot's shop?

(No motion of the ouija; no response.)

? Tell us, then, if Prévot's jewelry shop is on the right or left side on the way from Point Central to the Gate of Saint-Georges?

— *On the right.*

? Is it necessary to have it blessed?

— *Yes.*

? Where?

— *At Bon-Secours.*

(A chapel in the suburbs of Nancy.)

? By a priest?

— *No; by relics, placed at the right, close to the choir.*

? How?

— *Simple contact.*

(None of us knew of the reliquary in the chapel.)

At eight o'clock the next morning I was carefully examining the show window of Prévot's jewelry shop. There was a glittering profusion of watches, rings, ear-rings and crosses, but no medals. I entered, and without betraying my deep interest, I asked the two young saleswomen, for a medal of St. Michael. They replied, with a significant smile, that since the beginning of hostilities they had not had any in their shop. I started to leave, when an older woman came forward to see what I wanted, and after a careful search she at last discovered, in a yellow pasteboard box among dozens of other forsaken saints, two medals of the Archangel Michael.

At the Chapel of Bon Secours I encountered

a further difficulty. I rang for the sacristan, but he was absent. His assistant assured me that there was no relic in the church entrusted to his care. This reply did not satisfy me. Under the obsession of a controlling thought, I scrutinized the smallest details of the ornamentation of the chapel. There was in front of me on the right, attached by a little board to the grill work of the choir, a tiny image of the Virgin, very small, enclosed in a glass reliquary. I had not come to any conclusion in regard to this, when I noticed a sort of glass box embedded in the board. One could count under the glass, in the thick wood, eight or nine little pieces of bone or cloth, carefully labeled, and bearing inscriptions so old that they were almost effaced. These were, without doubt, the relics indicated by the spirit as placed at the right close to the choir. I touched the medal which I had bought to the glass of the box. Fetish or bearer of good luck, it shall never leave me again.

This decisive result led me to hope for further reliable communications,—which did not come.

The chief concern of this unknown visitor was

to conceal his identity. He gave himself the name and personality of Gaston Calmette, who, as we knew, had been the victim of a notorious political intrigue, but the signature which he wrote by means of a pencil attached to the ouija, did not in anyway resemble that of the former manager of the *Figaro*. It was again by a verification of the handwriting, that we ferreted out the pseudonyms he used of Victor Hugo, Joan of Arc, and Napoleon, through whom he glorified himself—this mischievous Frigoli!—by announcing to us victory after victory. However, this spirit was not lacking in appropriate replies. One day when he represented himself as Victor Hugo, I begged him to repeat one of the poet's verses which was applicable to my medium, and immediately he said: "Jeanne était au pain sec dans le cabinet noir." In this way I learned that Jeanne was the first name of Madame S.

As our seances increased in number, they diminished in interest. In religious knowledge, philosophy and history, the spirit Calmette was barely in advance of what one might expect of a Paris street urchin. Little by little, his errors

and contradictions chilled our confidence in him; I ended by formally dismissing him. Since October, 1916, he has refrained from speaking.

And yet through all the banalities and inaccuracies which form the greater part of the communications of this spirit, there shines one little diamond; that is the story of the medal of St. Michael.

Inasmuch as the three persons who alone were present at the sitting were newcomers in Nancy, and in all good faith asserted their ignorance of the name of the jeweler Prévot, and of the existence of a small reliquary at the right of the choir in the chapel of Bon Secours, and inasmuch as all the directions for the search had been given us in advance without hesitation by the ouija, one must acknowledge that, on that day, the instrument played the part of an intelligent guide. At any rate, this seance of June 17, 1915, was for me a ray of light in the midst of a dark night, and I shall never forget that I owe it to the entirely spontaneous intervention of the Spirit Calmette.

In the meantime I tested other mediums, with the same alternation of frivolities and errors.

These fruitless trials caused me to become discouraged, when one day in November, 1915, M. Nessler, a retired commandant of a squadron of artillery, and a most sympathetic fellow-member of the Psychological Society, confided to me that on that evening, upon entering his house, an unexpected concert of raps and crackings was heard in his apartment. This statement surprised me, for the weakness of the Commandant's mediumship was notorious. On the other hand, his vigorous constitution, under the control of a tenacious will, turned aside every hypothesis of hallucination.

A few days afterwards it was impossible to be mistaken. A strong mediumship developed in this man sixty-two years old. The moving of furniture, raps, and disappearance of objects, were, as we learned later, only signals from an invisible intelligence wishing to make itself known. The unexpected guest claimed to be the commandant's own brother-in-law, M. Eric, of Swiss origin, who died in 1913.

It would be ungracious in me to delay longer the expression of the gratitude that I owe to these two collaborators. My friend, M. Nessler,

in this record, takes the part of the "grande vedette." His mediumistic power, and a courtesy which placed it at all times at my disposal, as much as the discriminating judgment of a temperament inclined to abstract science, made him an invaluable aid in a field which we were both exploring for the first time.

As for Eric, this spirit friend, whose kind intervention furnished us the most incredible proof of identity which could ever come from the other world—may his name be blessed! Thanks to him, we have been able to go very deeply into the subject. Thanks to him, we shall be able to repeat, at the supreme hour, the adieux of Baudelaire:

"O mort, vieux capitaine, il est temps, levons
l'ancre;
Ce pays nous ennuie, ô mort, appareillons;
Si le ciel et la mer sont noirs comme de l'encre,
Nos cœurs que tu connais sont remplis de rayons."

Having acknowledged this debt of gratitude, I hasten to approach, frankly, the main subject of this chapter—the identification of spirits.

Examine our psychical libraries, and you

will find them encumbered with messages from genii, prophets and demi-gods; enter a spiritualist seance, and you will find there a number of happy mortals, who are pleased by regular communication with Abraham, Homer, Christ, Louis XIV, Napoleon, Joan of Arc, etc., etc. Is it any wonder that the enthusiasm of these people—people so easily duped that they can accept the most ridiculous statements provided they come from beyond the tomb—has done much to injure the prestige of Spiritualism?

Perhaps because I have not had such high acquaintances, my communications from the other world in the course of the last two years have been more reassuring.

The modest company of workmen, employees and little shopkeepers, who speak to us from the other side, reveal to us thoughts and feelings characteristic of the environment in which they used to live—which makes us feel that the two worlds are very much alike.

Others of greater power, or more anxious to give satisfaction, support their words by proofs

of their presence. This is a real test of the continuity of their existence.

Finally—the top step of the ladder—one of these personalities has given us his photograph.

It is, therefore, by following this upward progress, and by selections made in chronological order, that I am going to report the most instructive of our seances.

Among the 148 communications, of unequal value, which I consider important, 76 came from the spirit Eric. These 148 communications, either spontaneous or in answer to questions, can be arranged according to their subjects, in four categories:

42.—The first comprises predictions or presentiments regarding military events, either general or local. Of the 32 predictions which it has been possible to verify, 29 have been found to be inaccurate. The 3 that were fulfilled appeared, therefore, to be simple coincidences. Questioned as to the cause of these errors, for which he was largely responsible, Eric explained as follows:

The discarnate are not able, usually, to give

exact dates, because they know neither time nor space. The event will take place; that is the only thing that is certain. You will not have to have a winter campaign, if you do what is necessary. A new power will enter the struggle, which will determine the issue of the war in the sense of a victory for the Allies. That is sure. This power is America. (Communication May 17, 1916.)

If I have given inaccurate communications in regard to the war, I realize that I may be mistaken. But it is not necessary to infer that you will be defeated. I assure you that you will be victorious. (Communication December 22, 1916.)

43.—In the second category are included, in much greater numbers, questions of religion, science, and the destiny of man. In these matters we are constantly encountering either absolute ignorance on the subject, or the repeating of an answer in the catechism.

As long ago as 1906, before a group of residents of Nancy, the spirit of Cauchy, a militant Catholic, who died fifty years ago, had not been able to describe God except in inexact and allegorical terms. *"He was dazzled,"* he said,

"by the effulgence of the omnipotent Creator, and of Christ lighting heaven with the splendor of His glory."

"In what form do you see God?" I asked the deceased mother of a medium one day.

"A shining child," she replied.

(Communication of April 8, 1916; Spirit Clémence.)

In three communications, of May 11, September 25, and October 25, 1916, the spirit Eric also spoke in a confused way about Heaven and God.

"I am immersed," he tried to explain, *"in a light of which I am not able to give you any idea.—The place where I am is resplendent with light. Life here is marvellous. I can see God in His glory; He has not a concrete form. It is a marvellous light which shines in all the universe. Nothing escapes its action."*

Again, apropos of reincarnation, the spirit Eric contradicts himself in the two following messages:

"It is probable that the soul has lived before coming to earth, but we have nothing to prove it. This is a secret which has not yet been re-

vealed to us. Adam is a fiction which personifies the human race, and that is all." (Communication of May 9, 1916.)

"*When we become discarnate, we retain the defects and characteristics of our last earthly life. We see then the faults that we had in previous lives.*" (Communication of September 19, 1916.)

In regard to the origin of man, Calmette could only reply: "*It is very complicated.*" If one speaks to him of God, Christ, and the soul, he is still more brief, saying, "*Chut! Mystery —secrecy.*"

Electricity and magnetism were the subjects of one conversation with the spirit Eric:

"*The fluids,*" he said, "*have their origin in the universal or cosmic fluid. They can be reduced to only two—heat and electricity. The magnetic fluid is electricity transformed. This transformation is accomplished rapidly, under the influence of the outside waves of the earth's atmosphere. Human magnetism is different from terrestial magnetism, without doubt, but it seems to have the same origin.*" (Communication of May 23, 1916.)

Questioned as to the way in which spirits recognize each other, Eric said:

"We know each other by our thought; thought reaches us from a distance." (Communication of June 11, 1916.)

44.—In the third category is placed information given upon various matters—warning of death, medical diagnosis, incidents of family life unknown to the sitters, etc. Of nineteen remarkable statements, only four have been found to be inaccurate. These warnings and counsels indicate a sympathy or a sentiment of affection on the part of the spirit towards those to whom he would speak. Here are two examples:

? Who are you?

— *The soldier Georges, still living.*

(Notice this expression of *living* used by a discarnate being.)

? Where do you come from?

— *A village near Nancy.* (Refuses to give any further details.)

? How did you die?

(Question repeated several times before obtaining this response.)

— On February 17, 1915; I was buried by the explosion of a shell.

Several days afterwards one of the persons present at the seance learned from a friend, the mother of the soldier Georges, that a letter had come from the front announcing to the poor woman that they had found the body of her son under a pile of earth thrown up by the explosion of a shell. (Communication Dec., 1915.)

45.—The other example is a remarkable cure of a nervous disease, due to the intervention of Eric.

The little daughter of one of my friends, living in the country, Juliette H...., suffered several weeks from convulsions, which, at the age of twenty-one months, could not be attributed to the cutting of her first teeth, which, normally, would be over. The local physician had not succeeded in overcoming the trouble, and they asked me to send for a specialist on the faculty at Nancy. He was away on his Easter vacation. The idea came to me then to resort to our friend Eric for a diagnosis and

help. Here, in one report, is the result of these consultations on April 24, 26 and 27, 1916:

? Eric, are you there?

— *Yes.*

? Will you, and can you, do M. Thiébault the favor of curing his little friend?

— *Yes.*

? Well, then, go to V.... You will find there a little girl twenty-one months old, who, since the 14th of March, has been suffering from a nervous trouble, probably not due to teething.

Two days later.

? Is there any improvement in the health of little Juliette?

— *The little girl is somewhat better.*

? Will she have any more of these convulsions?

— *There will perhaps be one more, but it will not be dangerous. I am satisfied with the result obtained.*

The next day.

? Can you tell me the cause of these convulsions?

—*It is a malady due only to fear.*

As a matter of fact, one last convulsion, very slight, occurred on the 30th of April, and since then the child has enjoyed perfect health.

46.—The fourth category of communication is composed of frequent exhortations to pity, and to brotherhood, of which, by their practice, the communicators give constant examples in watching over their friends.

? What are you doing at this minute? I asked a new comer one day.

— *I am at Renault, in Vosges, watching over our family.* (Communication of June 4, 1915; Spirit Clémence.)

A few days after the death of M. B...., an architect of Nancy, the spirit Thérèse said to M. and Mme. C...., her children, "*We are going to meet M. B. . . . His mother has been very happy to see him again. It will make up to him for his sufferings. He was a good and honest man. He will not remain long in confusion. He will be able to communicate with his family. You will help him if it is necessary.* (Communication of March 12, 1915.)

? What do you mean by 'wrong thought'?

(Expression employed by Eric in a previous communication.)

— *I mean all thought which is directed against one's neighbor; which is opposed to love, to the brotherly affection which men should have for one another.* (Communication of August 9, 1916.)

"No one," the medium Castex wrote me, "should invoke the spirits for information in regard to the stock exchange or any other entirely material interest. For my own part, I have proved that it comes to nothing. I have been helped to find lost articles, but never objects having any mercantile value. Also my friend, Laloge, having asked for assistance in finding a ring valued at 4000 francs, and the photograph of one of our professors to whom he was much attached, received help in finding the photograph, but could not obtain any information regarding the ring, which he prized only on account of its value."

If an assurance of the closest intimacy between the communicators and the interrogators is desired, read these birthday greetings, which

came through to M. C.... from his grandfather, Maurice, and his aunt, Alexandrine:

— *"I come to you very sadly, my poor fellow;"* (M. C.... is fifty years old.) *"to wish you a happy birthday. All the family join with me in embracing you. If you saw our poor Rethel, you would be most distressed. Our two families are on earth. You will go to see them. Adieu. I think of you always, my dear boy. Do not fear. No misfortune is coming to you."* (Communication of March 17, 1916.)

If it appears from these brief quotations from the first and second categories (**42-43**), that the fact of passing from one world into the other has not broadened the field of knowledge of those who have gone before us, it seems, also, that the change in their state has not freed them from certain human faults, like jealousy and irritability. On May 31, 1916, I asked of the spirit Calmette:

? Do you know the spirit Eric?

— *He is crazy.*

? Why do you speak so of a superior spirit?

— *Because he displeases me.*

On September 13, 1916, at the end of a seance

in which a teasing word had ridiculed a somewhat unexpected move of the planchette, I asked Calmette to take leave of the ladies present with a few friendly words, as he was in the habit of doing, the planchette replied, quickly: *"I leave you without the least regret."*

I will even carry a little further my comparison between the habits of thought Here and There. Contrary to the religion of their childhood, some spirits have kept the prejudices common to uneducated people, and express themselves in terms of vulgar triviality; certain others claim to suffer and to feel the effects of the passions of their earthly life. Motives of propriety forbid all comment on this subject. Moreover, these low thoughts will have no other object than to show, like all that has come before, that at least from the intellectual and moral point of view, there is no difference between spirits and living persons.

Our illustrious psychologist, Camille Flammarion, has expressed his opinion clearly on this subject.

> "What I am able to affirm," he says, "is that in my relation with the discarnate of every social class,

> I have never encountered an invisible intelligence having a more extended knowledge than those among whom he lived in this life.
>
> "Their condition seems to be a life of more or less progress, among the same difficulties and the same mistakes as on earth."

Proofs abound in regard to this particular point, and the verification of a similarity between life Down Here and life Over There has been piling up for more than a hundred years.

The great Swedish seer, Swedenborg, wrote in 1756, after the decapitation of the Count de Brahe, executed on July 23rd for having conspired against the liberty of the country:

> "Brahe was beheaded at ten o'clock in the morning, and at ten o'clock in the evening he spoke with me. He was with me almost constantly for several days. After the second day he returned little by little to his former manner of life,—to his love for worldly things, and at the end of three days he became again what he had been before in the world, and threw himself into the passions which before his death had been his undoing."

A communication from Allan-Kardec, on March 31, 1871, is more explicit:

"*My friends, such as I was on earth, such do*

I continue to be as a spirit." (Revue de Spirite, Year 1871, Page 835.)

"*I was a painter, and not a man of letters or a scholar,*" said the spirit of Cauvière; "*that is why I give myself up now and then to what is to me the new pleasure of writing beautiful sentences, even at the expense of truth.*"

In September, 1916, Eric told us of his journeys from one planet to another, and dwelt at length upon the habits, the social life, and the fauna and flora of the planet Mars. Almost exactly a year from that day, in September, 1917, he contradicted his previous statement by this disconcerting comment:

"*You wish,*" he said to his brother-in-law the medium, "*that I should tell you of life in other planets. It is only to reassure human beings that we speak of this; it is a fiction employed by the spirits. As a matter of fact, a spirit can see only on earth and into space.*"

"*It is impossible,*" said the spirit Rudolph to Baroness de Watteville, "*for spirits coming from one planet to visit those from another planet. The residents of Jupiter can no more come to the earth, than we can go to their planet.*

It is only when a spirit has reached a very high plane, and has acquired powers almost divine, that it can go to all planets." (Vol. IV, Communications Mediumistique, Mme. de Watteville.)

"Nothing is very different here," the same spirit continues; *"even the language used in his earthly relations by Oliver* (one of his friends who had died before he did) *has not changed. I myself had no reason for changing, nor for forming any other habits than those which were familiar to me; since, in short, I can make you a visit.*

The spirit Charles—C. R.— in his life time a distinguished man of letters well known to Madame de Watteville, spoke more severely of his confrères than most spirits. Read this:

"We ourselves are greatly deceived by the spirits. If they say to us, 'I am such and such a person,' we do not know whether it is true. We always suspect that a spirit is lying." (Vol. IV, Page 309, Communications Mediumistique, de Watteville.)

For the discarnate, material anxieties are as pressing as they are on earth.

Madame B., wife of a Paris lawyer, was visiting at the house of Madame Juliette S., who possessed strong mediumistic power. In the course of a conversation upon rather trivial subjects, Madame S. suddenly heard, spoken close to her, the name of *Louis,* then the sentence:

"It was necessary for me to pray passionately to come as far as this—I who believed nothing!"

Madame B., greatly astonished, recognized the name of a cousin, a companion of her childhood, who had been killed at the front several months before, and who was a confirmed materialist. A conversation then followed between Madame B. and the invisible being, with Madame S. acting as medium.

? Is it you, Louis? Are you happy?

— I am tired, and I am tormented on account of gambling debts which I left unpaid.

? You know that they have already been paid.

— Yes, but not all of them. There is still another. And then my little boy is sick. He has some lung trouble. His mother is going to leave him. She wants to go away, and give him to

his grandmother. It is true that I never was a model husband. I had a mistress. I was a weak character, and I allowed myself to be easily influenced. But my wife was no better than she ought to be.

? And your mother, do you see her?

—*The poor woman is sick. She must be comforted. She needs cheering up.*

All this information was correct. Some of the facts were already known to Madame B. and Madame S. They were, however, both ignorant of the sickness of the little boy, his mother's plan to abandon him, and the illness of the grandmother.

In the matter of honor, one of our most obliging invisible correspondents shows at times the utmost delicacy.

In September, 1917, I asked Eric this question, which was in no way connected with any feeling of banal curiosity:

? In what way are you purified of the faults inherent in every earthly life, however virtuous it may have been?

— *No one has a right to scrutinize the life of his neighbor,* he replied; *my faults do not con-*

cern you, nor are you responsible for my actions. I do not want to give you a lesson, but only the counsel of a friend, because I have a great regard for you. As your friend, and especially as a discarnate, I want to say this without giving you offence.

What delicacy upon a matter so impersonal! Certainly it was not for the confession of a guilty person that I asked, but simply for information as to divine forgiveness.

Finally, in the identification of mentality, I was permitted to hear these politely acrimonious words in discussions arranged for between two of our most trustworthy spirits. It was a discussion upon a subject not often considered in these days.

In September, 1917, Madame de Watteville and my friend, Commandant Nessler, invited to a philosophical tilt their respective controls, C. R. and Eric.

The first passage of arms was upon the question whether, in the process of evolution, the human soul went through the same metamorphoses as the body. C. R. thought it did, arguing that a coral polyp became a fish, a winged

creature, a dog, attaining by degrees the threshold of humanity.

Eric (whom C. R. had reproached for a previous error), replied:

No doubt the spirit C. R. considers himself a teacher; but if I am still subject to earthly mistakes, he is also, and consequently his statements are only hypotheses. What proof has he that a being may be thus transformed? One may easily conceive of polyp, a fish and a dog, independent of each other, without regarding them as transformations of the same being. For myself, I am convinced that the individual soul does not, in the course of time, pass from one stage to another.

As far as hypotheses are concerned, all human beings are equal, and I believe myself sufficiently advanced to have the right to express an opinion, although knowing myself inferior to C. R.

September 18th, a new affront:

It is not evolution, said the spirit C. R., *that is under discussion, but rather conformity to a plan which can be entirely comprehended only after long ages. There is in the Other World*

the matter of seniority, which must not be overlooked in the study of its conditions. Eric will understand this when he himself is further advanced.

Repartee of Eric a few days later: *Certainly what C. R. says is true. It is obvious that one learns little by little; but there are some truths which are not dependent upon our state of advancement. On the contrary, the greater one's seniority, the more deeply one may be plunged into error. I have always rendered homage to C. R.'s superiority, but no matter by whom opinions may be expressed, I shall always refer them to reason, which is the torch that ought to illuminate our life, incarnate or discarnate. Really, C. R. ought to understand that, since I, who am so much his inferior, comprehend it!*

Here begins the break between the two debaters:

C. R.: *I refuse flatly to discuss. My last reply was entirely categorical and definite, and I do not wish to stoop to continue an endless discussion.*

Eric: *If C. R. thinks he is making an impression upon me, he is mistaken. I am able,*

*as well as he, to have a theory which can never be elucidated for want of proof. C. R. will not degrade himself by having a discussion with me? I am unwilling to discuss with him, because he is too arrogant! C. R. assumes a superiority which is unseemly in any spirit. Also, in the matter of evolution he should be more modest.**

Resuming the subject of the similarity of the two worlds, let us, on the one hand, question the miner of Courrières (50), or the scholar Cauchy (49); on the other hand, listen to the conversations of the workshop, or the religious ideas of a devout believer. Consider also the scientific and historical baggage of our Jacques Bonhomme in his furrow in Lorraine. On this side or that side of the grave—there are the same thoughts, the same errors, the same contradic-

* NOTE TO AMERICAN EDITION, JULY, 1919.—The right note in regard to all these fantasies of frivolous spirits is struck by William Stead, the great journalist, who went down with the "Titanic."

"It is an actual fact," he states, "that man is able to have very clear recollections of previous existences. But this is rare. Also it is necessary to challenge the stories of the spirits. Many of them trifle with us. Others, in order that they may be well received, assume the name of some famous person—king, queen or Pope, very rarely bootblacks or beggars. Do not believe all the idle stories. They are fables which circulate in certain groups of spirits, and make admirable theories ridiculous. (Revue Spirite, July, 1918.)

tions—convincing proof that the two worlds are only one.

And before long this proof is going to become a reality perceptible to our senses.

We are, in fact, approaching the main subject of this work, an exposition of the material proofs of the identity of spirits.

One of our best known philosophers wrote me in 1915:

> "It is not sufficient to show that an apparent individuality manifests itself which seems distinct from that of all those present: it is necessary also to show that the individuality is actually distinct from that of all those present."

At that time I could only reply by telling him the story of the medal of St. Michael (**41**). In the matter of identification it was rather weak. But to-day, thanks to the labors of my predecessors, of which I was then ignorant (Bulletin de la Société Psychique de Nancy, years 1906 and 1907), thanks to the collaboration of the spirit Eric, and of my friend Commandant Nessler, I have an abundance of proof. In this matter quality is more important than

quantity. I am therefore limiting myself to selecting from this impressive sheaf a few of the most luminous facts, which are presented in the order of their increasing interest.

To begin with, I insist again upon one extremely important distinction. While in Chapter III the explanatory scientific hypotheses consider only phenomena of trance, obtained outside the normal life of the medium by an act of nervous stimulation which may be fatal to him, the facts upon which the Spiritualist Theory of Chapter V rests, come from mediums wide awake, free from all hypnotic pressure, speaking familiarly either with the spirit or with the sitters.

Seance of November 10, 1915.

The medium wrote:

47.—*I am Fayot; I am dead. I was a tinsmith at Lille. The Germans are in our town. Mais ça, it is a mess! A genuine mess!*

? How long have you been dead?

— *Four years.*

? Have you any children?

— *Yes; four children.*

? Where are they?

— *They are at Lille, except my Auguste. He has been carried away into Germany.*

? Where did you live in Lille?

— *I lived at No.* 17, *rue de la Poste. I was a tinsmith.*

? How old are your children?

— *Auguste is seventeen years old, Marcel thirteen, Louise eight and Julot four.*

? Where is Auguste?

— *He is in Germany at Ingolstadt, with his mother, Marie Pourcinet.*

? Who was your wife, Marie Pourcinet?

— *She was the daughter of a big, swarthy farmer of Lens.*

? What has become of your children at Lille?

— *They are abused and they are dying of hunger. Try to save them, poor children!*

? Shall we be victorious?

— *Yes; the Germans will leave in three months. It is a long time serrer son ventre! Yes—try to save them. It cuts me to the heart. They are dying of hunger. They are on scanty rations.*

? Are your wife's parents dead?

— *Yes, they are dead. The late Pourcinet*

is with me. He shares the anxiety which makes me so depressed; but after all, how can you blame us?

? What is going to happen in the Balkans?

— Russia will give her co-operation in a fortnight. They will break and go to pieces within two months.

? Will that be the end of the war?

— No, not before six months, in April; they will be defeated in Serbia, but they will hold firm at other points. (Break in the writing).... *insignificant ..... I feel that I am already a friend. I will return.*

Pause of a few minutes, and change of writing; then the medium continued:

Fayot has gone away from here; it is I, Brunet. I felt your attraction, and my mediumistic fluid is strong. I see spirits who cannot manifest themselves, because the fluid which they possess is enfeebled from too frequent communication with you. They are close to you, but in spite of their good will they cannot put themselves in touch with you, their fluid being exhausted. Their presence will be felt morally, however. I wish to speak to you in

regard to Fayot .... (Break) .... *He is a simple spirit, who has not recovered all his lucidity. The things I say are true enough. In assuring you of our protection I had to preach to you .... happy events.*

Brunet retired as Fayot had done; another momentary stop, new writing; the medium continued:

My children, do not be frightened. I come only as a father. I want to be your guide, because a strong attraction makes it impossible for me to break away from this sympathetic atmosphere. My dear children, you are seeing sad and bloody days; the light is dimmed by dark clouds, and the horizon is no longer revealed to you. You must, with divine help .... (Break) .... *suppress your own agony and not conjecture .... and His secrets.*

Learn how to wait. Be hopeful and .... know that in your sad days of passionate prayers, coming even from the most depraved lips.....

Behold, my dear children, the one remedy which is able to lighten your sorrow and soothe the sad wounds of your heart. Spiritual beings hover over our planet, but the gigantic

struggle which stains it with blood cannot affect them.....

A Clergyman.

The entire interest of this triple communication centers in the statements of Fayot, but they cannot be taken into account until after their verification—that is to say, after Lille is freed from the invaders. Yet it is remarkable because of the difference in the writing and the language of the three discarnate beings.

The script of the tinsmith is large and irregular, showing a heavy hand. His complaints are singularly characteristic. Brunet is on a higher intellectual level; his writing is marked by the delicacy and regularity of the characters. As for the message of the clergyman, it is to be regretted that the nervousness of the medium's hand, which was slightly noticeable under Brunet's dictation, became so much worse that certain parts of this literary exhortation are completely lost. The first letter of each of his words indicates a hand used to writing; the others form a long, nervous, illegible line. But what a gulf between the paternal anxieties of Fayot, and the counsel of the clergyman!

The following reports seem to me entirely evidential. The unmerited discredit which attaches to Spiritualism, imposed upon the editors of the Reports a certain caution, which was due to their official position; yet the Committee of the Psychical Society of Nancy is prepared to guarantee their truth, several of its members having been present at these seances.

Seance of May 13, 1906.

? What is your name?

— *Viry.*

? What was your profession?

— *A weaver.*

? Where did you live?

— *Vosges.*

? You were a workman in a spinning mill?

— *No; a weaver.*

? Where did you live in Vosges?

— *Gerbépal.*

? Were you born there?

— *Gérardmer.*

? In what year did you die?

— *In* 1877, *on November* 26.

? How old were you?

— *Twenty.*

? You died as the result of an accident?

— *Congestion.*

? In your bed?

— *No, out of doors by the great fountain.*

? Were you ill before then?

— *No; drunk.*

? Were you in the habit of drinking?

— *No.*

? To what did they attribute the congestion?

— *The cold.*

? Why do you come to-day?

— *To talk.*

? Do you know us?

— *No.*

In reply to inquiries regarding Viry and his family, the Mayor of Gerbépal was very willing to give us the following information.

"Monsieur: In reply to your letter of the 15th inst., I have the honor to inform you that there is no longer in this town any relative or connection of young Viry, the weaver, who was born in Gérardmer, and died in Gerbépal on November 26, 1877, aged a little over twenty years. His family came from Gérardmer and lived in this parish only a few months. A sister of the young man married one G. H. of Gerbépal, who lives now in Saint-Dié. She has been dead a long time, and left, I believe, four chil-

dren, whose present residence I do not know. This young man was found dead in the snow.

"Yours, etc.,

"E. C., *Mayor of Gerbépal.*"

Note in passing that no one of the persons at the seance knew either the Viry family, or of the commune of Gerbépal; that most of them, moreover, were not born in 1877.

A few days later, another seance:

? What do you want with us?

— *To talk.*

? Then will you tell us your name?

— *Henri Thomas.*

? How long have you been dead?

— *Two years and a half.*

? How old were you?

— *Twenty years.*

? Do you know of what illness?

— *Accident.*

? In what place did you live?

— *Gondrecourt, Meuse.*

? Were you born at Gondrecourt?

— *No; at Demange-aux-Eaux.*

? Had you a profession?

— *Yes; teacher.*

An inquiry was made soon after of M. L.... principal of the school at Gondrecourt. Here is his reply.

> "Thomas Henri was born at Demange-aux-Eaux, February 10, 1883. He entered the normal school of Commercy on October 1st, 1899, leaving on July 20th, 1902, with high rank. October 1st of that year he was placed in the position of pupil teacher at Gondrecourt, 6 kilometers from his family. He was a good master, pleasant, a little shy, conscientious, and of high character. On Thursday, November 26, 1903, at seven o'clock in the evening, he threw himself before the train on the Bar to Neufchateau line. The next day we learned of his tragic death. All who knew him were profoundly shocked.
>
> "L——, Principal of the School at Gondrecourt."

Seance of June 5, 1906.

? Since you do not wish to talk to us to-day about yourself let us speak of Pierre. What was his family name?*

— *Batoux.*

? Had he any children?

— *Yes, five.*

? What were their names?

— *Jean and the others.*

* The invisible communicator had stated in a previous interview that her name was Simonne de Lewitz, and that she had been brought up among the servants in the family, of whom she had learned bold behavior and also unbecoming speech.

? Did Jean, also, leave some children?

— *Yes, I believe so. I will answer that sometime after to-morrow.*

? Why not to-day?

— *That is my business.*

This seance was finished June 25, 1906.

? Can you tell me whether Jean, the son of Pierre Batoux, left any children?

— *Yes.*

? Are there any of his descendants living now?

— *I believe you.*

? Then there are still some Batoux?

— *No; they are called Louvet. Their mother married a Louvet.*

? Do you authorize me to write to this Louvet, to know that you are not deceiving me?

— *He will not answer you.*

? Why?

— *He is dead.*

? You are trying to fool us!

— *Not at all. His wife is still living.*

? And is she called Madame Louvet?

— *Certainly. What would she be called?*

? Has she any children?

— *Yes.*

? How many?

— *Twelve.*

? Simonne, I believe that you are laughing at us!

— *If you do not believe me, write to the Mayor.*

? Then tell me the name of the town.

— *Acquin.*

? I do not know any place of that name.

— *Write, nevertheless.*

? In that case, tell me also the name of the post office.

— *Lumbres.*

? These are fantastic names. If I write to the mayor of Acquin, at Lumbres, do you think I shall have a reply?

— *I know nothing about it. I am not his secretary. But write all the same.*

The mayor of the town of Acquin, when consulted, replied thus to the request for information:

Acquin, June 28, 1906.

Monsieur: The widow Louvet has always lived in this town. Several of her numerous children are working, but she still has eight, all young, that she

must support. She is most deserving of any interest that may be shown her, especially as her health is very frail.

Yours, etc.,
MASSON, Mayor.

Simonne had one sister, Elizabeth de Lewitz, a great lady of the court of Louis Phillippe, who died at an advanced age, and who, being present at these seances, seemed very much puzzled by this method of communication between incarnate and discarnate beings. In spite of the most urgent requests she hesitated to give any information about the descendants of her family.

— *I do not know,* she replied to all requests, *whether I ought to tell you their names.*

? Why?

— *They are not noble.*

? That is of no consequence. We no longer have a nobility. Tell us their names.

— (The table paused a moment, one foot in the air; then it rapped out) *Affra.*

? And where does this Affra family live?

— *At Perpignan.*

? What street and number?

— *No.* 8, *Rue Neuve.*

Upon being questioned the mayor of Perpignan replied:

> Monsieur: I have the honor to advise you, in reply to your letter of the 27th inst., that there is in Perpignan a family of the name of Affre, not Affra. M. Affre is a notary at Perpignan, at 8 Rue Neuve.

There was, you see, an error of only one letter in the communication.

Seance of June 7, 1906.

48.—? Who are you?

— *Madame Duchêne, teacher.*

? Where were you a teacher?

— *In Marne.*

? In what parish?

— *Unnecessary.*

? Why do you not reply to that question?

— *I have told you all that is essential.*

? When did you die?

— *At Vendresse (Ardennes); seventy-eight years.*

? How long ago?

— *Two years and a half.*

? Of what disease?

— *Old age.*

? Will you authorize us to write to the mayor?

— *Indeed I desire it.*

? Why do you desire it?

— *To prove the accuracy of what I have told you.*

? Are you able to give us any other proof?

— *I am obliged to observe certain restrictions.*

? By whom are these restrictions fixed?

— *By superior spirits.*

? Plural or singular?

— *Plural.*

? In your lifetime did you believe in the immortality of the spirits?

— *No.*

? And now?

— *I know.*

? You were no doubt surprised to find yourself in the world beyond?

— *Yes.*

? What were your experiences after death?

— *At first I felt dizzy.*

? How long did this dizziness last?

— *Some weeks.*

? When you realized your situation, how did you feel?

— *I felt a sensation of deliverance.*

? Are you happy?

— *Yes.*

? Have you found those whom you had lost?

— *Yes.*

? All?

— *Yes.*

June 8, 1906, M. X...., the secretary, asked the Mayor of Vendresse to let him know if Mme. Duchêne was still living. Here is his reply:

> "Monsieur: In reply to your question, I have the honor to inform you that the widow, Mme. Duchêne, née Bretagne, died in Vendresse, September 7, 1903, and that she bequeathed all her property to M. L——, a former teacher.
>
> The Mayor: BOUNIN.

The last words of this letter indicate plainly that the Mayor of Vendresse did not know the reason of the interest which the Society felt in the deceased.

Seance of November 2, 1906.

49.—? Who are you?

— *Augustin Cauchy.*

? Are you able to add to your name some

information that will enable us to prove your identity?

— *Beatus qui intelligit super egenum et pauperem.*

? Is that a proverb?

— *It is the epitaph engraved on my tomb.*

? Are you willing to translate it for us?

—*Happy are those who understand the poor and pity the unfortunate.* (Note that the medium did not know a word of Latin.)

? It is the epitaph of a good man. But where is your grave?

— *In the cemetery of Sceaux, on the road shaded by chestnut trees, which leads to the hill of Plessy-Piquet.*

? How long have you been dead?

— *It has been fifty years.*

? Can you indicate the exact date of your death?

— *Yes; May* 17, 1857.

? What was your profession?

— *During all my career I experienced many changes of fortune.*

? Yet you had one favorite occupation?

— *Science.*

? You were, perhaps, a professor?

— *Yes.*

? Where?

— *At Sorbonne.*

? Are you in one of the three conditions which the Church admits after death—heaven, purgatory or hell?

— *I am in heaven.*

? Do you mean to say that you are in the state of mind which corresponds to heaven, or that you are indeed in heaven?

— *In heaven.*

? Then you have seen God?

— *Yes.*

? Can you describe Him?

— *A description is impossible. I have been dazzled by the glory of the Omnipotence of the Creator.*

? Who told you that this dazzling spectacle which you can not describe, contained God?

— *I have seen, I tell you. I have seen the Christ lighting Heaven with the splendor of His glory, the Divine Word in His humanity.*

? You have been able to see a misty figure in

a luminous atmosphere; but how did you know it was Christ?

— *How could I help knowing Him? It is my Savior, Who stoops even to us.*

M. X...., wrote the next day to the sexton of the cemetery at Sceaux. Here is the information given:

Sceaux, November 9, 1906.

In reply to your letter of the 3rd instant, I have the honor to inform you that I have searched in the cemetery for the Cauchy tomb, and that I have found the following epitaph on the stone, which I send to you verbatim:

Augustin Louis
Baron de Cauchy
décédé à Sceaux le 23 *mai* 1855
Beatus qui intelligit
super egenum et pauperem

NOTE.—This neglected grave is in a deplorable condition, overrun with weeds, and it was necessary to clear it to enable me to send you the information desired by you.

(Signed) VINCENT.

Is it to this state of dilapidation that we must attribute the discrepancy between the date given by the spirit and that found on the tomb?

Some days later there was another seance

with the table, the same medium and the same sitters:

50.—? What is your name?

— *Ruhlmann.*

? Where were you born?

— *At Saint-Hilaire.*

? At Saint-Hilaire-au-Temple?

— *No, Allier.*

? Where did you die?

— (Violently) *Courrières.*

? In the great catastrophe?

— *Yes.*

? You were, then, a miner?

— *Yes; aristocrats do not get killed.*

? Has your body been found?

— *Yes.*

? Where was it buried?

— *Saint-Hilaire. The crow did not have my skin.*

? You must be mistaken. The funeral of the victims was held at Courrières, and the ceremony took place in the church.

— *I had a civil burial.*

? Where?

— *At Saint-Hilaire; à bas la calotte!*

? Did any one make an address at your grave?

— *There were some fine speeches.*

? Are you able to give me the names of the speakers?

— *The Citizen Delacour, Citizen Panaud, my fellow-workmen Martin and Gilbert.*

? Did you suffer long after the accident?

— *I was killed at once.*

? What did you say on finding yourself living after death?

— *I said, "There was something, then, more that the body."*

? Have you been satisfied?

—*I said, "Nom de D. . . . I am going to have some money."*

? So that you are happy?

— (Feebly) *I am more good for nothing.*

? You would rather be still in the mine?

— *No! The damned of the earth!*

And the table reproduced violently, by knocks, the rhythm of the tune "Internationale."

One of the sitters volunteered to make inquiries concerning this control.

Here is what the Mayor of Saint-Hilaire replied:

> "The man named Ruhlmann Francisque, killed in the catastrophe at Courrières, had religious burial there, and a month later his remains were brought to Saint-Hilaire, where they were given a civil burial. Three addresses were made, the first by M. Panaud, a judge and mayor of Buxières-les-Mines; the second by M. Delacour, mayor of Saint-Hilaire, the third by M. Martin, a delegate from the miners." *

* NOTE TO AMERICAN EDITION, JULY, 1919.—Here is a very explicit testimony from M. Henri Mérou, who lived eighteen years in America in the capacity of consul, representing France first in Galveston, then at Chicago, and finally as Consul General in San Francisco.

I quote a few lines from one of his most recent letters:

"Thonon-les-Bains, January 23, 1919.

"Dear Monsieur Thiébault:—

"We know at Thonon a young couple who like to amuse themselves with the ouija and planchette. In order to furnish them with a better purpose than mere amusement, we have lent them 'Livre des Esprits,' by Allan Kardec, then 'L'Ami Disparu' (The Vanished Friend).

"A few days after lending them the latter book, I met the husband, a clerk in the Assessor's office; he was very much excited. 'I have,' he said, 'something astonishing to tell you! You remember the communication given in 'L'Ami Disparu' relative to Ruhlmann? Yes. Well! I have discovered that the widow of this person is a servant in a family which lives in the same house with us, in the apartment under ours. I have talked to her, and I have had her read the pages devoted to Ruhlmann. She declares that this spirit was certainly that of her husband. His real name was Joseph, but he was known as Francisque. The words of the communication conform perfectly with the opinions held by him when living. He was an active and conspicuous member of a miners' union, and frequently addressed their meetings. He had a heart of gold, his widow told me. Of an ardent temperament, he boldly reproved everything that seemed to him unjust. Do you not

Having proceeded so far, let us ask what part the "subliminal and the collective consciousness," have been able to take, in this entrance into the scene, in the same private circle and in the space of a few days, of a militant Catholic who died in 1857, and an avowed Anarchist, the names, families and places of origin of these personalities being unknown to the people present? The reply is, obviously, that these "consciousnesses" took no part.

Moreover, does not the repeating of the moss-covered and illegible epitaph of Professor Cauchy bear witness to the fact that an individuality appeared, very truly distinct from the group composed of the medium and sitters?

Yet hyper-criticism is not disarmed. In his book, "Death," M. Maeterlinck writes:

> "It is important not to lose sight of this invariable rule; there is thought transmission when it is not absolutely and materially impossible for either the medium or any one among the sitters to have knowledge of the fact in question."

think, dear Monsieur, that we have here, in some way a new proof of identity, and that there was something providential in the fact that your kind loan of the book to a stranger like myself, has been instrumental in obtaining this additional evidence?' "

It would be necessary, then, for me to prove in order to convince the great Belgian writer, that each of the eight persons present did not copy, or have copied, the epitaph in the cemetery at Sceaux. Now can M. Maeterlinck prove that he has never gone to the pole? Obviously not; for the simple reason that in metaphysics, as in jurisprudence, a negative cannot be proved. Truth and right exist, none the less.

51.—However, the elegant subtleties of this severe philosopher go further, and even reach the limits of the hypercritical, when he says, on page 168 of the same work:

> "It is still possible that some one who is not present at the séance, who is even far away, may communicate with the medium in some unknown way from a distance, and without his knowledge."

So far from retreating before this otherwise entirely gratuitous statement, Spiritualism quotes the testimony of three personalities which puts the transmission of thought, from whatever source it may come, in a very bad position. Not only, as desired by M. Maeterlinck, were these personalities not present at the seance, not only were they a long distance away,

but having been dead more than a hundred years one cannot suspect them of being connected with the medium by any living tie. At a stroke the explanatory hypotheses most dear to contemporary philosophy disappears.

Seance of June 15, 1906.

52.—? Who are you?

— *Jean de Boutary.*

? Where did you live?

— *I lived under the Regency.*

? What was your principal occupation.

— *I went in high society.*

? With whom did you go?

— *Cardinal Dubois.*

? And the people, did you associate with them?

—*Of the people, I knew only the pretty girls.*

? Where were you born?

— *At Montauban.*

? Have you any descendants?

— *Yes, but they do not bear my name exactly. They call themselves Dubois de Boutary.*

? And where do they live?

— *At Montech, at the junction of the Tarn and Garonne.*

To our request for information, the Mayor of Montech replied:

> "Monsieur: There are at Montech two families of the name of Boutary; one de Lafon de Boutary, the other Dubois de Boutary. I believe that the family de Lafon de Boutary comes from Mautauban; but that of Dubois de Boutary is, if I am not mistaken, originally from Montech. These two families are the only representatives in this parish.
>
> Yours, etc.,
>
> "(Signature illegible)."

Seance of April 25, 1907.

53.—? Who are you?

— *Yves Dahéron, chouan.*

? On what date did you die?

— *In 1798.*

? Can you tell us if you left any descendants?

— *Wait, Monsieur; I have a recollection of having some in Vendée.*

? In what place?

— *At the Brouzils.*

? What are the Brouzils?

— *I believe it is a hamlet.*

? Can you tell me the names of these descendants?

— *There is a woman and many little urchins.*

The youngest ones are Jean and Joseph. There are also Hélène, Marie, Gabrielle and Calixte. It is not necessary to worry them by speaking with them face to face. They need not know that I have come; it would disturb their faith. They are timid.

REGISTRAR'S OFFICE

"In reply to your letter of April 26th, I have the honor to inform you that the Dahéron family, of which you have given me the names of the various children, may be, according to information given to me, a family of farmers who formerly lived at Les Brouzils, a village of La Caillaudière-aux-Tirauds, in the parish of Saint-Sulpice-le-Verdon, by L'Herbagement (Vendée); the father's name is Jean.

"Yours, etc.,

"Secretary of the Mayor, ARNOU."

"Saint-Sulpice-le-Verdon, May 6, 1907.

"It is true that the Dahéron family lives in the parish of Saint-Sulpice-le-Verdon, a hamlet of Caillaudière-aux-Tirauds. The father's name is Jean, and the children, to the number of eight, are Calixte, Marie, Hélène, Athanase, Clotilde, Jean, Joseph and Gabriel. This family came from La Boutaire of the Brouzils.

"(Signature illegible),

"Teacher at Saint-Sulpice."

The spirit had omitted the names of Athanese and Clotilde.

Seance of March 7, 1913.

(Some proper names in this report have been indicated by their initial letter, to avoid any annoyance to persons still living.)

54.—? Who are you?

— *I call myself Chabert. I lived in two centuries.*

? Have you any descendants?

— *Yes; they live in G.... They are my grand-nephews. The one whom I have followed most closely is my grand-niece. I was her protector, but she is dead, and I can show you her grave.*

? What was her name?

— *She was called Marie-Augustine C....*

? Was she married? If so, what was her husband's name?

— *Paul B.... He is a clerk in the post office at G....*

? How long has your grand-niece been dead?

— *About three years. I no longer have an accurate idea of time. She lived at the School of the New Garden, a kindergarten school.*

? How old was she at the time of her death?

— *Forty-three years, I believe.*

? From what did she die?

— *She was ill a long time; I think especially with a stomach trouble.*

? Had she any brothers and sisters?

— *Yes, but I no longer see them. I go chiefly to her grave.*

? What is this grave like?

— *There is a very simple, very plain stone placed over it. This is pretty near the inscription: Marie-Augustine C. . . . Wife of B. . . . Died in her forty-third year.*

? Is it at G .... that she is buried?

— *No, at Chatte.*

? Try and tell us of the brothers and sisters of Marie-Augustine.

— *There is Élie; he is at Lans. There is also Isabelle; she is not married; she is a teacher in a place of which the name is a compound word. There is Naud; he is a connection. There is Eugene-Henri C. . . . ; there is also a canon. It is a very good family. It comforts me to talk about Augustine, for the time passes slowly, sometimes, without her. I do not mean that I am bored, for I have plenty of occupations.*

? Would you like to return?

— I would not refuse; I would return if I could. You must hold Augustine in mind, to hasten her liberation. Tell the sexton at the cemetery to put flowers on her grave, for she loved them.

To other questions the spirit replied:

— You have no need of all that to put flowers on her grave.

Documents from the Registrar's Office.

1st: The death records of the town of G.... state that Marie-Augustine C.... died at G.... July 7, 1911.

2nd: According to information furnished by the mayor of the town of Chatte, the tombstone is standing over a burial vault; this stone bears the following inscription: "Madame Paul B.....née C....., Directress of the Kindergarten School of the Garden of the Town of G....., 1867-1911."

3rd: She had two brothers, Élie, a landlord at Lans, a parish of Villard-de-Lans, and Amadée, road surveyor at V.... She had three sisters, Isabelle, a nun of the Ursuline lay sisters, a teacher at La B....., near V....; Sophie,

wife of Naud, a landlord at B.....; Eugenie, married to Henri C....., her first cousin.

4th: The Society of Nancy has procured the official record of the marriage, at the mayor's office of Saint M....., of B.... and C....

5th: It is known that at G..... there is a canon by the name of Chabert.

6th: In a letter dated June 26th, 1913, M. B..... confirmed the words of Chabert in all particulars. His letter closes with these noble thoughts:

> "I do not know how to thank you for the very interesting communication which you have sent me concerning a spiritualistic manifestation at Nancy of a great uncle of my poor wife. Not only am I neither opposed nor disturbed, but I shall desire very keenly to be informed of all similar manifestations, if they should occur again.
>
> "Where do we come from? Where are we going? Poignant questions, which are asked by every human being who is capable of thought, and asked in vain. But the hard struggle of life tears us away from the dream; that is another brutal fact; it is necessary to make a living before one can philosophize. That is why so few persons are able to devote themselves to these studies."

So then, a few words from a roué of the Regency have sufficed to prick the bubbles of the theories of Satanic control, of second personalities, of thought transmission. The visit of an insurgent of the Revolution, has sufficed to tear away the curtain which separates Here from There, and to build, from a collection of beliefs and hypotheses and systems, a beacon of dazzling light.

Such triumphant experiments served to arouse a friendly competition in the spirit Eric, the mediumship of my friend Nessler, and the ardor of my own researches. A unique success in the annals of Spiritualism has crowned this triple emulation.

Unique, I repeat, because I do not know that any spirit had taken the trouble, up to that time, to sign his certificate of identity by reproducing a picture of himself, without any apparatus. Nor had any spirit ever given authoritative information by furnishing before, during and after the phenomenon, the most circumstantial details of its production.

Here is a copy of the notes written in the course of this remarkable experience:

55.—April 9, 1916, Commandant Nessler, the medium, procured from a photographer of Nancy, without telling him the use he wished to make of it, a sensitized plate that had never been exposed. He wrapped it in black paper, and placed it in a pasteboard box, hermetically sealed.

From the 9th to the 26th of April, the medium held the box in his crossed hands for about twenty minutes each day.

April 24, 1916, he questioned Eric as follows:

? Will the experiment be successful?

— *I think there will be a picture of a spirit, but am not able to say positively. There is a chance that it may be of myself. I have tried to impress my portrait upon it, but perhaps without success. Vagrants* (an expression used by Eric to designate wandering spirits) *have come when I was not able to stop them. They may have left their picture in place of mine. I think it will be simply a shadow produced by your mediumistic power. Those are the pictures that are most probable.*

April 26th, 1916. Another question:

? Can you tell me what we shall see in the photograph?

— *The plate represents me on my death-bed.*

? Why do you give me this picture?

— *Because you saw me like this the last time.*

April 27, 1916. The first proof was brought to the weekly meeting on Thursday. Without



Reproduction of the Photograph of the Profile of Eric On His Death-bed.

looking at a photograph of Eric, taken some years before his death, and sent by Commandant Nessler for comparison by the persons present, who had never seen Eric any more than I had, I described the picture thus: The profile of the head seems to be partly buried in a pillow; beard, long and fan-shaped; mouth, partly open under thick moustache; nose, long

and slightly arched; forehead, high; thick hair in disorder; in a word, there was an undisputed resemblance between the two pictures.

When questioned as to the cause of the black band which crosses the head, Eric replied that this spot had been produced by the fluid of the medium.* (Communication of August 2, 1916.)

We then asked the spirit Eric to explain how he photographed himself. Here is his reply:

Whether we wish it or not, nothing is lost, because all is registered by the memory. Without the picture registered in memory, I would not have been able to record myself on the plate. For this purpose registration in the normal memory is not necessary; the subconscious memory is sufficient.

May 16, 1916. A second experiment not prov-

* NOTE.—The author would have been glad, in testifying to the identity of the two pictures, to have placed opposite this cut a reproduction of the photograph of Eric taken some years before his death. The medium had promised this; but at the moment of sending it, he had the unfortunate impulse to consult the original, who replied with an energetic veto. Some days later, when asked again, Eric explained his refusal thus: *I have an aversion to anything that is conspicuous; I wish to pass unknown to all except my family and friends. I do not want my photograph to leave the family unnecessarily; were it not for my strong feeling about the family, I would be willing. It is useless to insist further.*

ing successful, we referred it to Eric. He replied:

56.—*The first time, to be sure, I was able to impress my picture, by special favor, in order to give a proof of identity. They were not normal conditions.*

May 27, 1916. A third trial, a second failure, and another interview with the spirit, who explained it thus:

— *Because these things are not permitted often.*

? Why was this authorization given to you the first time?

— *In order to give you a certain proof of identity.*

Who, then, is this invisible chemist who, without a laboratory, without apparatus, uses luminous matter, forces a success, explains it, photographs himself, and gives his picture to us, to prove, as he says, his identity?

It is a dead man, the friend of one of us, gone for four years.

57.—This proves irresistibly the truth of the three final propositions in Chapter I (10).

A.—We are surrounded by invisible beings,

intelligent and under the control of their own wills, with whom we can communicate.

B.—These beings, when they reveal themselves, have the form and language of human beings.

C.—We find among them, sometimes, our parents, our children, and our friends.

CHAPTER V

THEORY OF SPIRITUALISM

> "To arrive at truth it is necessary once in a lifetime to rid one's self of all former opinions and build up anew, from the foundation, every system of knowledge."
>
> DESCARTES.

The time has come to cast aside childish ideas. To see the luminous beauties of this new horizon, it is necessary to have an open mind, freed from all preconceived ideas and inherited beliefs.

Against all probability, and without interfering with any established science, obvious facts have led to this conclusion: the dead are not confined in their graves; they speak; if they are questioned as to their passage from one world to the other, they will tell you that death is not formidable; it is simply the liberation from the material body of the aura, the "boule fluidique." Most of them assert that they are happier than when they were on earth, and

that they enjoy visiting the places where their earthly life was spent. Others have attended their own funerals, and have felt concerned at the unintelligent grief of their relatives. It is true that the separation of the soul from the body has deprived them of their human covering, but their constant presence with us shows clearly that, though the actor has changed his costume, he always appears in the same theatre.

Invisible as the stars in broad daylight, the humanity of the dead centuries presses upon us, elbows us, crowds around us and above us. Our dead live near us, under our roof. Must we draw from this the discouraging deduction that the only object of our existence is to stay in one place?

If it is unreasonable to suppose that the Ruler of the Universe would commit so childish and capricious an act as to annihilate, after an instant of life, the thinking marionettes He created, can we believe that He would spare them only that they might begin again a period of toil and suffering, in which life would not be worth living?

58A.—Certainly not. The past is a guaran-

tee of the future. It shows us that, collectively or singly, man pursues an upward course, and submits to a law of evolution which makes for increasing perfection.

Who, in remote ages, was our prehistoric ancestor recently exhumed on the Isle of Java, if not the half animal offspring of an ape and a tiger, the irresponsible plaything of appetite and selfishness. Around him the lower orders of animal life played their part. Already the bees filled the hollow trees with honeycombs.

Then the centuries pass; the savage grows gentler; he carves the horns of the reindeer, adorns his tombs with sculpture, and calls upon the dead. Spiritualism has its beginning in this era of semi-civilization. During the same time generations of bees have succeeded each other, forming their honeycomb in the same way.

Let us for a moment pass over the advances and retrogressions in the evolution of mankind, and come down to the 17th century of our era. What an intellectual apotheosis! Sciences, literature, art, philosophy and religion proclaim intelligence of the highest order. Still

nearer to us, within a hundred years, shine the ideals of justice and brotherhood. The American slave and the Russian serf have become men. Democracy is moving and will conquer the world.

We come now to the individual; let us compare the brute of the early ages with the citizen of our towns and villages. Morality and knowledge have raised our contemporary above the brutality of his ancestors and the ignorance of his grandfathers. And even to-day, in these heroic moments of the history of the race, when civilization defends its ideal of independence against the immorality of absolute power and subjection to it, it is not the descendants of aristocracy nor the heirs of idle riches, but men drawn from the farm and workshop, with intelligence amounting even to genius, who, in Europe and America, direct the struggle of humanity against the infernal savagery of Mittel-Europa.

Finally, let us glance at the lower plane of animal life. Has it kept pace with the forward leaps and temporary retrogressions of ascending humanity? Has the animal followed,

even from afar, the evolution of man? In no apparent way has the bee changed the architecture of its honeycombs, nor the spider the spinning of its webs.

So it is the stagnation of instinct and the evolution of the spirit that differentiates man from the beast.

59.—Let us pass on to those who have preceded us to the Other World. In what way does the law of evolution act after the disappearance of the living being?

According to the séances of Mrs. Piper, madness disappears and childhood matures in the other world.

Imbeciles have lived and died without ever having had a flash of intelligence while on earth. They have been known as idiots. Some time after death the intellect awakens, and acquires, little by little, a normal lucidity.

A child dying in infancy has at first childish thoughts, then ends by no longer talking of its playthings. Professor Hyslop had a brother Charles who died at the age of four years, long before the birth of his sister Henrietta. Here is a message which he received thirty-five years

after the death of this young brother and of their father.

James, I am your brother Charles. I am happy. Give my love to my sister Henrietta. Tell her that I will make her acquaintance some day. Our father often speaks of her.

In regard to this law of evolution, Eric expressed himself as follows:

We progress more rapidly in this world than in yours, because we are not embarrassed by matter. (Communication of October 25, 1916.)

This progress denotes a spiritual hierarchy composed of superior and inferior intelligences, just as our own world is made up of people wise and foolish. We realize this when we compare the communications of the Spirit Calmette with two messages of moral and literary beauty which have been given at Nancy.

60.—The first comes from Marie P——, who died at the age of twenty-four years:

My cradle was never rocked; my mother died at my birth; but each night my brothers, the angels, came to take me in their arms and tell me of pure and lovely things.

"Child, life is before you; the road is very

winding; the thorns will tear your clothing; the mud will splash your white feet. But, child, beware of the storm which will slowly rise to burst over your head. Child, follow your road, and on the top of the hill in the roaring storm you will feel our presence."

My clothing was untorn; I passed with the greatest ease through the mud of the road; but far, far off beheld the coming storm. The years passed. Love hovered over me, with its thunders and lightnings of passion, and I cried out, "Oh! Brothers, come, come; take me. I want to remain like you in heavenly white! Carry me away, lest my wings drop me into the abyss." (Communication, 1903.)

61.—Here is a sunset in the jungle, communicated in 1907 by Malika, calling herself a priestess of Brahma:

Do you know the setting sun in our jungles? No spectacle of the Occident can be compared to it. At this sublime hour the star of day, before it vanishes, kindles the wild plains with its last rays; already it sinks into the glowing water of the river, which it dyes with flames of

gold and blood. Nature meditates. Clouds of insects, of a thousand colors, flutter from herb to herb, from flower to flower, soon to graze the water with their variegated and silken wings, while the weary flowers heavily close their petals.

It is the solemn moment when the star of day and the star of night contend for the earth.

Slowly the twilight unrolls its veil. There is not a breath of air, but by way of a breeze float the intoxicating perfumes of enamored nature.

One by one the stars light up the heavens; the birds of the night sing mournfully; from afar the dismal cry of a panther; here and there a hissing serpent moves the grass. Then a soft, low chant thrills the sleeping night. It is the young Indians, walking slowly towards the city, whose iridescent domes can be seen from afar. Their siren bodies are enveloped in many-colored robes, and glass trinkets sparkle in their black hair. Favored by the new born night, their shining eyes rival the stars. Their vibrant songs fill the air, and mingle with the voluptu-

ous perfume of the evening. Woe to him who is beguiled by their attractions. Better for him that the panther should devour him, or the boa encircle him with its coils, than that these sinister birds of the night should eat his heart.

Meantime all is still in the fragrant air; the songs have ceased; the star of night is conqueror; but far down on the horizon the dying rays clasp the hills in a supreme embrace.

One really does not know which to admire most in this little masterpiece of literature, the beauty of the style or the poetry of the picture.

62.—One day in January, 1917, in one of our eastern cities, four ladies of unshaken Catholic faith and a monk awaited around a table the visit of a young sergeant, killed at the front in September, 1915. They did not wait long. It was Pierre F——, nephew and brother of two of the persons present, known in his family to have a disposition that was gay and also a little teasing. His identity was established by the telling of a family secret. They asked him to designate the best person in the group; he indicated his aunt; then the least good, and

the table inclined toward the priest, who was the first to laugh at this pleasantry.

? Are you contented to be dead? they asked him.

— *No.*

? Do you regret life?

— *Yes.*

? Why

— *Because I wished to live in order to advance.*

Is it true that life in the body is a necessary condition for the perfection of our spiritual essence?

The thing which testifies more than any other fact to the working of this law of evolution is the departure of all the communicators who, sometimes, have no presentiment of the imminence of this separation. The spirit Pelham, one of Mrs. Piper's controls, said to one of his friends: *I cannot recall your face; it is a long time since I left you. Each day I go a little further away from you.*

After six years of communication Mrs. Livermore, discarnate, explained to her husband, through an intermediary spirit, that she would

not return any more. In spite of their promises the representatives of the 18th century, whose mission seems to be to establish their identity, do not come back again. We have not seen either Marie P—— nor the priestess of Brahma. Pius IX himself (39), whose visits came at longer and longer intervals, has definitely left us. Where, then, do they go, these immortal travelers from our earthly borderland? They never tire of telling us: Towards a center of attraction, where a single word of command draws them:—Love.

Love, love of God, love of their fellow man. Such is the motive of this law of evolution, of this progressive march of the spirits towards the beautiful, the true, the good, united in a perfect Being, which they will never equal, any more than an arithmetical repetend will ever reach the unit toward which it moves.

Love and pity are the only two commands of Christ; they are the potent words which blotted out the sins of Mary Magdalene. Yet five thousand years before the coming of the Merciful One the Egyptian tomb of Hirkouff contained this precept of universal ethics:

"I have been obedient to my father.
I have done that which pleased my mother.
I have been kind to all my brothers.
I have given bread to the hungry, clothing to the naked, and cups of wine to the thirsty."

One of our spirit visitors never ceased to plead for the cause of the unfortunate.

Avarice is immoral, said Pius IX. *Do not be greedy for gold. You will forfeit your chance for rapid progress Over There. Consider those less fortunate than yourself, and you will be very happy.* (Communication of January 21, 1910.)

Think of the poor, in these terrible winter days. How many people I see here with their hearts closed to suffering! They implore the Creator in vain; they will return to earth to learn goodness. (Communication of November 11, 1910.)

Continue during the coming year to set an example of charity and love to your fellow men. In this way you will open for yourself the gates of the other world, and will find yourself amply

repaid. (Communication of December 29, 1910.)

Help the poor. (Communication of May 18, 1915.)

These were the first words of the President of our Society, who died in May, 1913.

Again, it is by love that the Lares of the Romans, the Greek gods, the guardian angels of Catholicism, as well as the spirit guides of Spiritualism, extend their protection to their human brothers.

"I have so many unhappy ones to help who are in the darkness of sin, that I have not been able to come to see you, but I have never left you." (Communication of October, 1909: Pius IX.)

The spirits Chabert, Eric, Clémence and Thérèse are such helpers, and, carrying their oversight a greater distance, the least clairvoyant among us realize that, behind the sublime devotion of our soldiers, there is the powerful inspiration of the Invisibles of Jena and the Imperceptibles of Wagram,—unconquerable protectors of the destinies of humanity!

Does it follow, however, that this watchful

care should take the place of individual volition and the responsibilities of free will?

The idea is not to be thought of. How can a child learn to walk unless it leaves its mother's arms?

Here is Eric's reply to this question, given to his brother-in-law, Commandant Nessler:

You may be confident that I am your guardian angel. The spirit guide protects those whom it loves in every way, and inspires them for their good, but without affecting their free will, or influencing their own personality.

Sometimes it happens that spirits on the higher planes are wisely charged by God to make useful communications or profound revelations to mankind. This occurs but rarely, as man might learn to depend upon these communications, and no longer fulfill the mission for which reason and free will were given him. He is responsible for his own actions! (Communication of May 10, 1916.)

This teaching coming from so far, and from a spirit further advanced than we are, and consequently nearer God, shows clearly the emi-

nently beneficent occupations of those who have preceded us, and at the same time discloses the high source of the inspiration of genius and of the prophets.

We have already shown that from the nature of things, the future, unrelated to the present, is beyond the limits of knowledge. We know now that from century to century, under a mysterious impulse of love, the book of fate has been opened, and that prophets, religious or secular, were only the word-carriers for the divine messengers.

Thus from beyond the grave, even though we are so indifferent to them, those who have preceded us are eager to lift a corner of the veil which separates them from our world. Wise and ignorant, grave and frivolous, they tell us who they were here below, who they are over there, what they are becoming, what they are doing.

63.—In spite of all, they are not understood by most human creatures, whom they might enlighten by their counsel.

"Why," says the dilettante author of "La Mort," "why do they delay, and vegetate

among us, of their little past, when, freed from the flesh, they ought to be able to wander at will in the untrodden expanse of space and time? Why should they return, these phantoms, with arms and hands empty?"

How curious that the discrepancy in these lines has escaped the sagacity of M. Maeterlinck!

Are they, then, empty, these hands of love, if they bring to us facts which reveal, in all races, the continuation of identity, the destiny of man, and the existence of a controlling idea in creation?

This "little past," which the spirits have quitted without regret, is ours as well as theirs; it is the past of philosophical conceptions which these wanderers have dispersed; it is the past which holds our scanty and glimmering principles of justice and atonement.

In order to form an opinion regarding the decisions of "absolute justice," of which our great tribune spoke, and to judge between the prayers breathed as fervently on the banks of the Rhine as on the soil of France, shall we ar-

range the balance sheet of eternity, of infinity, and of boundless power and knowledge?

When civilization, treated with contempt, raises itself against the monstrous German Kultur,—when a people, scorners of ceremonies and deserters of churches, bleed under the blow of Catholic Austria, pious Bavaria, and of the good old imperial God,—then those who think that they are in the confidence of Heaven, shaping their God to fit their own ideas, pretend to see the accomplishment of a divine decree.

Is there a more outrageous conception of divinity than to believe it capable of reëstablishing its disowned sovereignty by violation, by murder, and by the sacking and destruction of churches? Is it a greater aberration than to say that their soldiers and magistrates have no more personal responsibility than has the hangman in fulfilling the duties of his office, and in doing this imply that we have not the right to execrate and punish them?

Finally, what had sane, hospitable, religious Belgium done, for which it must atone so harshly?

CHAPTER VI

CONCLUSION

> Who can assert that . . . this is not a spiritual universe, with what we call matter only a means to an end?
>
> COLONEL LAZELLE, U. S. A.,
> Matter, Force and Spirit.

My work of moral exaltation, dedicated to our heroic dead, is finished. Let us sum it up in a few lines.

In a series of physical and mental phenomena, originating in a region unknown to all accepted science, we have seen a spirit challenge matter, disintegrate it, mold it, photograph itself, and, a new Lazarus coming from the tomb, associate for three years with the President of the Royal Society of London. What more is necessary to convince us that spirit dominates matter, and commands it?

By other observations no less astounding, we have acquired the certainty that this spirit was one who has gone before us, a personality

identified among the millions of invisible beings who pass through the world like infusoria in a drop of water.

On the other hand, I know that faith cannot be forced upon any one; that you who read of these acts, these beings, this photography, have not seen them with your own eyes. Therefore I shall be very careful not to end my book with a rash and dogmatic "Croyez-moi!"

I simply say to you: Learn a lesson from these things. Do what I have done. Your incredulity, unmoved by the eloquence of a whole library, will give way at the sight of the pranks of Pompon (8), before the dogmatism of Baron de Cauchy (49), or the shocking anarchy of the miner of Courrières (50).

Nevertheless, do not allow the experimental method, borrowed from physics and chemistry, to shut out the solid support of scientific reasoning.

Physiology teaches that the multiplication and specialization of the organs are the result of environment. If, then, light vibrations have created the sense of sight, and sound waves the organ of hearing, as M. Sabatier, Professor

of Zoölogy, has written somewhere, intercourse with the discarnate will develop a sense of fluidic communication, with which, in differing degrees, every man will find himself provided.

Experience has proved to me that we all possess more or less mediumistic power, but this particular faculty of the mind is like our natural ability in regard to the science of mathematics. There are some who cannot go much further than the rule of Pythagoras.

However it may be characterized, this faculty, like intelligence and muscular strength, increases only by regular exercise, wisely practiced. Where does the sailor or the native of Central Africa get his remarkable acuteness of vision, if not from the anxious effort to which the eye is daily subjected? Who knows, then, but what the training of successive generations may not transmit to the mediumship of our descendants the power to communicate with spirits too far away for our own embryonic sense to perceive?

It is to this practice that, in the four following messages, the spirit Pius IX urges us:

Try, he says, *to communicate with the spirits*

for the good of humanity. Study Spiritualism; persevere; you will be repaid, as I have been myself. I will guide you, as I have guided thousands of others. . . . I am happy to see you studying Spiritualism. You will be convinced of the continued existence of spirits; all does not die with the material body. . . . You will be recompensed for your perseverance in studying Spiritualism. Do not listen to obstinate unbelievers, but teach honest inquirers. . . . My dear friends, I do not want to let the end of the year pass without testifying to my great satisfaction in the devotion which you bring to Spiritualistic propaganda. (Communications of July 16, 1909; August 13, 1909; December 31, 1909; December 29, 1910.)

Practice Spiritualism, then, honest skeptics. In searching into Death, you will find Life.

Practice it, men of all ages, who wish to assure yourselves of peace of mind and a serene old age.

Practice it especially, souls weeping for the passing away of a dear one. A very recent incident gives me the right to speak thus:

A family in the town of G——, entirely un-

acquainted with Spiritualism, lost their eldest son, an officer, in the Champagne attacks of 1915. This sorrow was the more cruel for them because they had suffered a few years before from the death of a younger son, twelve years old. Searching everywhere for relief for their grief, the poor parents followed the advice of a friend and consulted a medium in their city. In the first séance they received two letters from their children, in which they recognized with joy the writing, the style and the signature of each of them. When leaving, the two boys comforted their father and mother by saying they would come again.

This is a new testimony to the survival of our absent brothers. Death has not destroyed them. Their departure is not irrevocable. They are waiting at our door, watching for a happy chance to renew their relations. "Love us, the men who were once on earth," they pray; "we need your memory. We are still half human, and we want the affection of those who have loved us."

Listen, then, intelligent reader. They are there, not to teach you, but to protect you.

Approach the telephonic apparatus, which they as well as you must learn to use. Multiply your efforts, persevere; and when at first, in a hesitating way, the little table will knock feebly at the touch of your hands; when later, in a more assured manner, it will call forth tender memories, spell affectionate words;—then, under the stress of unspeakable emotion, you will cast to vanquished Materialism the cry of Victory:

My vanished friend speaks to me, therefore he is there!

PART SECOND

PRACTICE

CHAPTER VII

PRELIMINARY REMARKS

Mme. de Girardin said with reason:

"The spirits are not cabs, waiting in the street to be called."

It is time to free ourselves from the supremely presumptuous idea that they ought to act in accordance with our whims. One of our friends tried to learn why his attempts at evocation produced no result; this reply was made:

M. R—— has received from us so many proofs of our existence that if we should give him others he would not believe in us any more.

The spirit obeys only its own good pleasure. (Spiritus fiat ubi vult.)

We should no longer forget that they seem to know us only by thought. Charles Hyslop, discarnate, said to his brother, Professor James Hyslop: *Our father would be much attached to any of his pictures which you may possess, if you are still in the body, James.*

It is the same with those who may be alive but in a stupor closely resembling actual death. On April 15th, 1880, a phantom was questioned, whose features were recognized by those present at the séance, and whom Mme. d'Esperance, a powerful medium, had previously materialized in a Norwegian family:

? Are you Emmanuel Lynck?

— *Yes; died of consumption.*

? Where did you die?

— *Yes, in old Hartlepool. Do you know if my parents are alive? And my wife, is she still living? Frank, is he dead? And does Ralph still live? I should like much to know if they have left your world. I wonder if Kate, my wife, has married again. But what does it matter, after all? The old man was bad enough before my death.* (He refers to his father.)

This case, which shows that spirits do not know everything, indicates the need of caution in accepting information which they may offer.

They are obedient to laws of which they seem to be as ignorant as we, or at least which they cannot or will not reveal to us.

If they have their reasons for renewing their contact Down Here, let us not treat them as servants in the house. It is useless to call them —they will not come.

Really, said Eric, *it is rare that a spirit that has been evoked comes without a motive, without a certain sympathy with the one who calls it. Almost always it is the spirit guide who responds. If you discover that you are being lied to, you may be sure that it is not your spirit guide.*

Above all, let us refrain from treating our vanished friends as if they were fortune tellers, and came to announce rain or pleasant weather, births and marriages!

Most of them know nothing of the future; others never lose a chance to call us back to the exercise of our own judgment. Through the mediumship of his wife, M. V——, a banker, followed the directions of a spirit who claimed to be informed in the operations on the Bourse. As a result, after a period of success lasting two years, he was the victim of the latest advice, which he followed reluctantly. Perhaps a higher authority wished to make him realize

the immorality of greed by a striking example.

Generally spirits present themselves as unknown visitors and persist in hiding their identity. Let us not, then, accept as true any assertion on their part which cannot be verified.

However, certain statements are only partially inaccurate. Time and space, contingencies of our organism and of material life, do not exist Over There. One cannot, therefore, complain to them of errors of date or locality which may accompany a statement otherwise true.

If, for any motive whatever, their assiduity annoys you, do not drive them away roughly; ask them, aloud, to retire. If they do not comply with your courteous request, you may either use empirical means of removing them by sending them back to their bodies, to their corpses, at last to their burial; or take the wiser course of closing the seance.

It is then through the variety in their experiences and the difference in the language of these unexpected visitors, that we are led to conclude that there are inferior spirits and superior spirits, and that the continuation of existence has not raised Ruhlmann to the so-

cial level of the Baron de Cauchy (48, 49, 50).

If I happen to ask advice of Calmette, he keeps on the safe side by saying, *Reste ce que tu es* (Communication of June 5th, 1915). On the contrary, the spirit Eric, thinking no doubt that I am a little slow in accepting new ideas, frequently says, *Élève ta mentalité.* (Communication of July 27th, 1916.)

Obviously, then it is superior spirits, still attached to this world, who have, "by special favor," to use Eric's expression, inspired the prophets and geniuses.

Independently of these general considerations, there are other elements to be taken into account, which arise from outside conditions, and which we will consider in passing.

INFLUENCES OF THE ATMOSPHERE, LOCALITY, SITTERS, ADVERSE FLUIDS, MATTER, CONFUSED STATE OF THE SPIRIT.

ATMOSPHERE.—Electricity in thunder storms, rainy days, as well as preoccupations and anxie-

ties, produce a depressing effect upon mediums.

LOCALITY.—Here is the substance of the report of a séance of July 16, 1890, prepared by Dr. Chazarin:

The spirit of Édouard, speaking through the mouth of an entranced medium, told us that the apartment (recently occupied by M. Chazarin), 28 Avenue de Wagram, was filled with frivolous spirits, attracted by the gay companies which came to the home of the tenant who preceded him *It will be necessary,* he said, *to sweep them out thoroughly, and, once these spirits are driven away, we can manifest ourselves as usual. Charlotte* (another spirit) *will take charge of this house cleaning. In the meantime do not count on any great thing*

At the end of the séance Charlotte appeared, and gave through the table the sequel of this story: *It was necessary that we should take possession of this apartment, concentrate all our fluids, and drive away the bad spirits and the fluids which they had left behind. Beginning with this evening, this will be my house, and there will come here only our friends to whom I have given the right to enter. Au*

revoir, Charlotte.'' And thus ended the sequel.

SITTERS.—Deliberate hostility on the part of one person present at a séance can hinder or stop the whole communication.

OPPOSING FLUIDS.—Occasionally the fluids of two persons neutralize each other, at least partially. In operating the ouija with me, the mediumistic power of my friend Nessler is noticeably weakened.

MATTER.—The most powerful medium seems to be unable to produce any action upon a metal surface.

STATE OF CONFUSION.—It is also necessary to understand the confused state into which a sad or cruel death, in full youth, may throw a spirit, violently separated from its earthly body.

An intimate friend of Dr. Hodgson, who committed suicide, spoke to him thus, seven years after his death: *My head is not yet clear when I speak to you.*

DURATION OF SÉANCES—NUMBER—DANGER OF ABUSE.—One should not be surprised if the first placing of the hands upon one or another kind of apparatus, produces no effect. After waiting fifteen or twenty minutes, it is useless to in-

sist. It is better to put off the séance until another day.

At first, experiments cannot without fatigue last longer than an hour, with one or two séances a week. Their interest, however, does not depend upon either their length or the number of the communications.

Even when the medium is not entranced, there is danger in too frequent communications. In June, 1916, after séances on three consecutive days, I felt such exhaustion (vertigo, pain in my forehead and nape of the neck, and heaviness in walking) that I had great difficulty in getting into a carriage to return home. I hasten to add that this slight indisposition was gone the next day.

There are obstinate and unreasonable critics who speak of the frenzy which follows physical excesses, as a form of Spiritualism. That idea is a caricature of the Spiritualism known to us, where we recognize that restraint, almost to the point of asceticism, on the part of the medium, is a factor of success in all Spiritualistic phenomena. Should we, to check religious mania, close the churches? Or to prevent the

misdeeds of drunkenness, forbid the use of claret? The wisest course is to employ as mediums only well balanced persons, and to protect their more delicate organisms from the exhaustion of continual communications, just as one would refrain from overloading a delicate stomach. Our American friends have understood this. There were twelve million Spiritualists in 1870; there are to-day more than twenty-five millions, and the number is increased each year by all the thousands of adults for whom the most acceptable Christmas present is a modest ouija.

CHAPTER VIII

APPARATUS

Any light, movable object may serve as an instrument to connect the spirit and the medium.

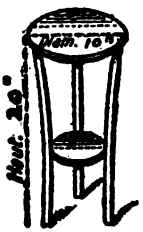


FIG. 1—TABOURET; HEIGHT 20 IN., DIAM. 10 IN.

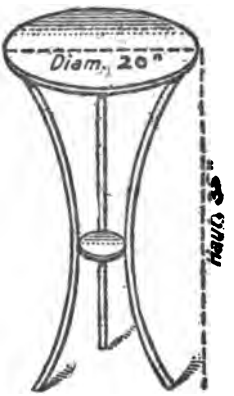


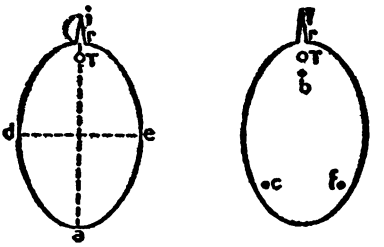
FIG. 2—SMALL TABLE; HEIGHT 35 IN., DIAM. 20 IN.

These articles are very numerous and not interesting to describe. I will speak only of the four which I have used and which have given perfect satisfaction.

They were at first a tabouret (Figure 1), which could be used by two or three persons, and a small table of white wood (Figure 2), at which four to six persons could sit.

After a few séances the use of the table and tabouret seemed slow and monotonous.

The idea came to me to make from a poplar



PLANCHETTE
FIG. 3—TOP FIG. 4—BOTTOM
Length of Pointer i to r 1¼ inches
" " Long Axis a to r 8 inches
" " Short Axis d to e 6¼ inches.

board, about ¼ inch thick, an ellipse provided with a pointer at one end, all cut from the same piece of wood (Figures 3 and 4).

About ½ inch from *r*, the base of the pointer on the planchette* (or ouija) a little hole is bored *T*, the size of a pencil.

* NOTE.——In this book the terms "planchette" and "ouija" are used interchangeably. In this country a planchette is a little instrument similar to that described here,

At the points *b*, *c* and *f* (Figure 4) are fixed, in the form of a triangle, three large celluloid hat pin heads, to facilitate the gliding of the planchette over the alphabet (Figure 6).



FIG. 5—LITTLE BASKET.

It occurred to me to substitute for the planchette a little wicker basket (Figure 5). Though it has the advantage of being very light, it has also the serious disadvantage of being too small to be used by more than one medium.

The little basket is turned upside down on the alphabet (Figure 6), after being supplied with a pointer consisting of a slender transverse rod about 1-16 of an inch in thickness, and after having had the heads of three hat pins set in the edge, at points indicating a triangle, to serve as casters.

When operating, you place the planchette, or the overturned basket, on a piece of archi-

fitted with a pencil for writing on paper. A ouija has no pencil, but is used with the alphabet and figures, which are usually painted on a smooth board.

tect's tracing linen, having on it the letters of the alphabet in two lines, in very clear characters, spaced about 1½ inches apart each way. On the third line appear the ten digits. These

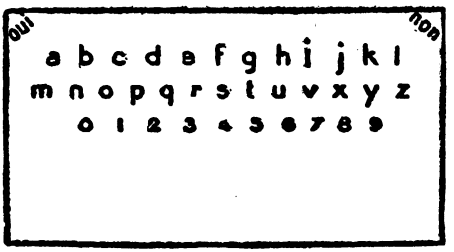


FIG. 6—ALPHABET.
Dimensions 20 x 24 in.

three lines occupy only half the surface of the cloth. Then, in order to shorten the responses, the words "yes" and "no" are written in the upper corners on the left and right.

Further explanations concerning the use of these articles are given in Chapter X.

CHAPTER IX

MEDIUMS AND MEDIUMSHIP

NATURE.—The ability to communicate with the dead seems to be a manifestation of a rudimentary sense, common to all sound human creatures.

It expresses itself in the nervous reaction of individuals, and shows a greater activity in women than in men, and in persons in the prime of life rather than in the aged. Nevertheless, we cannot consider this rule as absolute, because the medium who photographed Eric had joyously passed his sixtieth year.

There is no visible sign indicating mediumship. It sometimes makes itself known suddenly, as when, in the presence of a person wholly absorbed in something else, chairs, baskets or flower pots move about, or knocks are heard under tables or in the walls. These are generally appeals from the unseen, invitations to conversation.

Are there any means by which we can discover potential mediumship, which is more common than is generally believed?

The method used by Dr. Moutin is well known. It is as follows: He places both hands lightly on the shoulder blades of the subject, his thumbs meeting on the spine; or he places the palm of his right hand on the neck. The person being tested feels himself irresistibly drawn backward.

Professor Boirac recommends a similar method: Facing the persons whom you are testing, place your right hand on his left shoulder, and think as intently as possible whether you wish it to move forward or back.

The method which I have employed is only a variation of these other two: The patient being seated facing me, his eyes closely bandaged, I barely touch his knees with the palms of my hands. A more or less accentuated numbness of the legs of the subject denotes a greater or less ability to call forth spiritualistic phenomena.

However, these empirical methods are not always to be depended upon, and outside of

the test of table turning, the infallible diagnosis of mediumistic power is still to be discovered.

One of the peculiarities of this sense of communication, comparable to the sense of orientation in certain animals, is that when it is highly developed, it forms as characteristic a part of the individual as the organs of hearing or sight.

Mlle. P——, of Nancy, attracted notice by causing furniture to move about when she was more than a yard away from it.

The mediumship of another person obtained knocks, sometimes hollow, sometimes shrill, which Eric's powerful medium has never been able to produce.

A third, knowing nothing of drawing, made in a few seconds a sketch, with a background of flowers which she had never seen.

My friend Castex, of Lyon, though he could do nothing with the little table, was able, even while reading or talking, to write automatically, his stylographic pen moving, without his volition, rapidly over the paper. On July 25th, 1917, he wrote to me as follows:

> Very often, when the writing reaches the edge of the paper, instead of returning to start the next

line at the left of the page, my hand continues from the wrong side, and writes as quickly as if beginning in the usual way; when the final stroke comes, to show me that the communication is finished, it is necessary for me to turn the sheet over and look through the paper in order to read what is written, of which I was absolutely ignorant.

May I add to this testimony a personal word? Alone, my mediumistic incapacity is notorious; in connection with another, no matter how feeble his power may be, it asserts itself freely. The best communications that I have received have been with the collaboration of Madame Muller, wife of the head of a large insurance office in Nancy, who alone could not move the lightest ouija. Though my mediumistic power is in no way remarkable, the strange manner in which it has worked in the last two years deserves special mention.

I ought to repeat here the break which occurred long ago in my relations with the spirit Calmette. The inaccuracies, the churlishness even, of some of my communications from him made him undesirable. Dismissed, but nevertheless a vigilant guardian of my interests, he forces himself upon my attention by an in-

genious method, always when a serious emergency threatens me.

His method of calling me is very simple; he stops for a fairly long time the excellent watch which I have had for ten years, and then sets it going again. The first time this happened I noticed that my watch had lost twenty minutes within an hour; then in the same period of time it regained the lost time. Acting on this signal, on the 21st of September, 1917, eight days as it happened before I expected to return to my winter quarters in Nancy, I got a medium to put me in communication with him. His message was *Danger imminent.* All idea of returning was abandoned, and on the 17th of October a shell from a German airplane fell at the end of my garden in Nancy.*

It is needless to say that my watch has been placed in the hands of three skilled workmen, but they were not able to explain its irregularities. On the other hand, the watch was wound up each evening before it stopped, and

* NOTE TO AMERICAN EDITION, JULY, 1919.—Thanks to Calmette, I was the first to know, at four o'clock in the afternoon on March 21, 1918, of the military disaster of Mt. Kemmel, and eight days later, at the same hour, through another call, of the great victory of July.

its normal running was resumed after I had responded to its signal, without any intervention on my part.

INSTABILITY.—Does this sense diminish by inactivity? We can only say that mediumship disappears as quickly as it appears, to come again after a longer or shorter interval. No one knows yet the cause of these mysterious variations.

DEVELOPMENT.—On this point let us go back to the proverb of our childhood:

"Time and patience accomplish more than force and fury."

The table rarely moves at the first trial; it requires persevering practice, as well as good intentions. That is the price of success.

We come now to the difference in method between experiments in trance and experiments with a medium who is conscious. The somnambulistic sleep instantly intensifies the emission of the mediumistic fluid, whereas the ability of the conscious medium is only increased little by little, by prudent and prolonged exercise.

Every conscious medium begins as an appren-

tice, but may become a master, as a result of personal efforts. Mediumship grows by the use of the table or the planchette, in the same way that muscular strength is developed by the use of tools.

The mediumistic powers are classified according to natural tendencies. Of the thirty mediums whom I have met, eight were able to make the planchette or the little basket work without help; fifteen could obtain intelligent manifestations only with the help of an assistant; the rest could hope for a communication only after a long trial.

The force released by Commandant Nessler was exceptional. From the very first, chairs and small and large tables moved about tumultuously in his presence. With a pencil in his hand, he frequently wrote sentences of which he had no knowledge. Feeling that I was strong enough to master my friend's right arm, I begged him, at the beginning of one of our experiments, to write slowly the nine letters of my name, intending to stop him before he finished. The struggle did not last long. At the moment when he cried out with pain I had

a very strong impression that the arm would break rather than permit me to stop it. I gave up immediately, but not without leaving a bloody mark on his wrist, as a result of the attempt.

FRAUDS.—There may be, even in serious sittings, some malicious or mischievous person present who will try to help the movement of the table with his hands. In order to expose him, it is only necessary to put two sheets of paper between the hands and the table top, and then ask the table or tabouret to salute, by a slow inclination, the persons who are sitting opposite the one who is suspected. No pressure can, without betraying itself, be exercised on the side opposite to the salute.

Now that we know about the apparatus and the mediums, we will go into a séance.

CHAPTER X

IN A SÉANCE

The next thing for us to do is to run our telegraph wire, so to speak, between Here and There; or, in other words, arrange our apparatus and our medium. Next we must guard against excessive emotion, which might produce involuntary, or even fraudulent, pressure upon the table; and throughout the whole sitting we must concern ourselves only with the message, whence it comes, and how we can verify its previsions or statements.

THE TABLE.—Four persons seat themselves around the table, the palms of their hands lightly touching the top. The contact of the hands by the thumbs and little fingers, though it is not indispensable, aids the starting. On the right arm of each one is pinned a little piece of paper bearing respectively the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4.

At the end of ten or fifteen minutes some

crackings are heard, then the table moves slowly. The person who is directing the experiment then asks this question: "Will you reply by one knock for 'yes,' and two knocks for 'no'?" When it has responded by one knock, ask it, in order to judge of its facility, to turn three times from right to left, or in the opposite direction.

Second question: "Tell us who is the best medium in this group. If No. 3 is the most powerful, please designate him as the medium by knocking three times. If No. 1 comes next, knock once, and the same for the others in the order of their mediumistic power."

From this point the conversation may begin. To do this, the spirit is asked to spell each letter by the number of knocks corresponding to its rank in the alphabet; one knock for *A*, two for *B*, three for *C*, twelve for *L*, etc. To lessen the waste of fluids, some mediums call successively the letters of the alphabet, and the table raps once at the naming of the letter which it wishes to indicate.

Ouija—Planchette—Basket.—These instruments, as compared with the table, have the

advantage of rapidity and precision. The alphabetical cloth is stretched out on a table, and on it is placed the ouija or the inverted basket, the point of the index barely touching the line of figures. Sitting side by side before this cloth, No. 3 at the right and No. 1 at the left of the alphabet, the first covers with his left hand the right half of the ouija, the fingers of his hand touching it lightly; No. 1 does the same thing, with his right hand on the left half of the apparatus.

After a delay of fifteen or twenty minutes, the pointer advances hesitatingly.

If the sitters wish to measure by the ouija the mediumistic force of each operator, Nos. 1 and 2 may successively place their right hand on the ouija, No. 3 remaining in his usual place, and you may note in minutes the time that it takes in each case, before the motion begins.

The most rapid action will obviously be the effect of the most powerful mediumship.

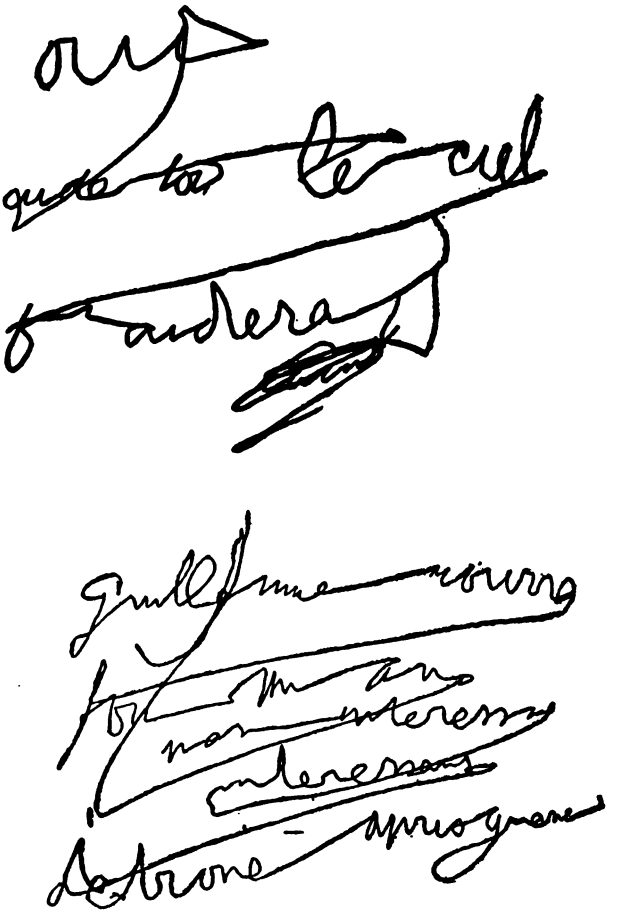
Continuing this experiment, the two operators, 3 and 1, notice that the ouija advances slowly, increases its speed by describing cir-

cles and ellipses, and ends by spelling unintelligible words. How much patience it takes! These incoherences come either from the inexperience of the heavenly visitor, or from the need of a better mixture of fluids.

"*You show a great deal of impatience,*" said a spirit to Dr. Chazarin; "*and you discourage us when you say, as some have done in this last séance, that the phenomena are very slow in taking place. You ought to know that we have great difficulties to overcome, and that we are as annoyed as you when we are not able to bring about the manifestations which we wish to give you.*" (Communication of December 25, 1883.)

There is no doubt that the ouija will speak. At my first attempt I had never had any experience, nor had I seen this apparatus work. At the sixth sitting, the spirit Calmette wrote spontaneously on a large sheet of school paper laid under the planchette, this encouraging maxim: *Help yourself and Heaven will help you.*

Such writing can be easily obtained by fitting a small pencil in the hole made in the instrument at *T*, in such a way that its point barely



Facsimile of the writing of the spirit Calmette, obtained by fitting a pencil to a ouija.
June 8, 1915, on being asked to write a proverb, he gave

projects beyond the head of the pin *b*, and does not, by raising the pointer *i r* too high, impede the sliding on the two pins in the back, *c f* (Figures 3 and 4 of Chapter VIII).

Finally I call the attention of the sitters to some matters of detail which may be added to the various sources of influence mentioned in Chapter VII.

A. Spirits never manifest themselves in a gathering too large to be homogeneous. The number of sitters should never exceed eight or ten.

B. There should be only one interrogator during the seance. The questions should be asked aloud; in the event of confused words, request the spirit to begin again.

C. One ought not to ask two questions at the same time; nor end a question with the words with which it began; nor put it in such

and signed the proverb *"Aide-toi le ciel t'aidera"* (Help yourself and Heaven will help you).

On July 2nd following he wrote spontaneously, after presenting himself under the name of Victor Hugo, *"Guillaume mourra fou un an"* (Wilhelm will die insane one year). "And the Crown Prince also?" we asked? *"Pas intéressant intéressant détrôné après guerre"* (Not interesting interesting dethroned after war).

a way that the responses may be "yes" or "no," which have no evidential value.

D. Powerful mediums should refrain from habitually using the ouija alone; this method fatigues the operator mentally, and may arouse in the sitters suspicions of fraud.

Interpretation of Communications.—Almost any one who, for the first time, sees the table or ouija move, and then begin to spell, believes in it. Let us, however, beware of mere credulity. It is easy, as we have said, for the will to develop fluidic forces. Place on the table or ouija, face down, a card which no one has seen, and ask the instrument the name on the card. The reply will rarely be accurate. Ask the same question after having seen the card, and it is very probable that the name will be given. Here are two illustrations of this fact:

In a séance in December, 1916, where Commandant Nessler and I were holding the ouija, I asked my friend to think of a word, my will remaining passive. The apparatus produced the word "Papa," which he had wished it to write. The same trial was repeated with my will opposing the spelling of the unspoken word. It

did not succeed in forming the smallest syllable.

We did not confine ourselves to this one experiment. Madame M—— took my place at the ouija with the Commandant. Before beginning they each wrote a common or proper name on a slip of paper, neither knowing what the other had written, and gave me the papers, folded twice. The instrument spelled the proper name "Pillot," written by Madame M——, paying no attention to the word "coffre" contained in her companion's folded paper.

The importance of this experiment lies in the fact that from the mediumistic point of view the power of the Commandant's fluid has, in the course of our two years of practice, been constantly proved to be superior to all of our forces combined.

We must not be deceived by mental phenomena; let us rather seek by questions asked aloud for some indication of the presence of a spirit—movements, acts, or information easily verified.

You will then see the table bear witness to its sympathy by grave bows, express its aversion by a surly push, or interpret its refusal by a nervous tremor. The ouija betrays the

hesitation of a child who is learning to read, stopping to get its breath, and finally satisfied with having conquered the difficulty. Then the sentences will follow one another hastily; conversations by fits and starts, perhaps full of mystifications and errors; but, however commonplace the communications of our unseen guests may be, they will of necessity bring out this aphorism:

"If they deceive us, then they exist."

EPILOGUE

TO AMERICAN EDITION

> The hour will come when the scholar, the thinker, the priest and the poet will speak the same language.
>
> CLAUDE BERNARD.

The happy hour of the celebrated French physiologist has not yet struck. This delay is due to two adversaries of Spiritualism, equally formidable, and coming from two opposing camps—pedagogy and ecclesiasticism.

In regard to the inequalities and injustices of modern life, pedagogy, until within the last fifty years, has not, if I may borrow a judicial or financial term, known how to apply the principle of joint liability. If a tree is known by its fruit, the new remedy has not destroyed social unrest. Far from it. The brotherhood of our fathers has ended. Each day sees ill feeling rankling between labor and capital, between poverty and wealth.

As for the problem of human destiny, pedagogy is indifferent. "Why," it says, "be anxious about an unknown future? Why concern ourselves with the aspirations of hundreds of millions of individuals, followers of Khiva, Osiris, or Buddha, whose religions are suitable to alien and inferior races?" The pedagogue does not know that the principle of the moral life, this ladder to the stars, has united toward a common end thousands of millions of human beings, to whom it has assured centuries of happiness and peace.

With this principle, this historical fact connected with the origin of our humanity, the professional teacher does not wish to occupy himself. He prefers to tell over and over to our school children of the contests of the gods of Olympus and the misdeeds of Fredegond the Merovingian!

Yet the memory of the bloody struggle of yesterday ought not to be effaced. Let us ask what has been, in these four years of privation and sacrifice, the source of the heroism in battle, and of the endurance back of the lines. Would this panacea of "joint liability" give us

domestic peace, and curb the Socialism which should have saved its country? If you ask the highest representative of France, President Poincaré, he has already replied to you. "Honor to the dead," he writes; "to the dead, immortal counselors of the living." (Alsatian apotheosis of November 18, 1918.)

Is there one among all the academic instructors who has had the courage to comment upon this high testimony of gratitude, and to say to his hearers—"Yes—they are truly the shades of the heroes of Gaul, of the heroes of France—Royalists and Imperialists; the shades of the heroes of Reischaffen and of St. Privat; the shades of the soldiers of Washington and Lafayette—who have armed the defenders of humanity and inspired their leaders!"

We are still waiting for the official comment.

More bitter is the struggle on the side of the confessional, between Spiritualism and ecclesiasticism, between reason and faith. Faith, with its train of sacred books—Vedic books, the Egyptian Books of the Dead, Evangelical Bibles, copied or translated; "as each one is

able to get it or wants it!" said Papias, Bishop of Hierapolis, in the second century. Faith, with its Oriental stories, an A B C of legends adapted to the childhood of the nations; Faith, in short, a sort of legacy from primitive times, made up of family customs, heredity, and educational training of the young mind.

But one day there appeared a force, not created by the hands of man, but by God himself—Reason. And in its first lisping words this divine faculty declared—"*Thinking man cannot believe that which he knows to be false.*"

Is not this a concise statement of the luminous thought of Christ's contemporary, St. Paul? "When I was a child," he writes, "I spake as a child. . . . I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things."

The intelligent man, then, turns from the childish legends, which have been refuted by meteorology, astronomy, physics, biology, physiology, philology, and the study of languages and inscriptions. He knows that in advance of science, spirits had revealed the existence of subtle states of matter, which forty years later

were demonstrated by the Crookes tubes and the X-rays.

He knows from recent phenomena of the existence of a subtle state of spirit—an intermediate state between matter and ether, which is an eternal link connecting the living and the dead.

He knows that by this intercourse, practiced in the first ages of the world, was developed the common foundation of universal morality, from which are drawn the teachings of priests and philosophers, and the ideals of the people.

He knows, too, that above the old religions, which no longer reach the mass of the people, rises the mighty voice of humanity, living and dead, and that throughout the whole world the mass of workers has become used to a more just conception of its material and moral interests.

All this the intelligent man has just learned. That is what he believes. This is Spiritualism, of which the true name is religious science.

? "Are you still a Socialist?" the Baroness de Watteville asked of the spirit Roudolph. (Communications Mediumique, Vol. 1.)

— *Socialism,* he said, *on earth is approaching the chrysalis state. It is a marvel. Unfortunately, you are not yet ready to receive its teachings. The thinker who has lived through a great number of existences understands exactly what we call morality, and what importance should be attached to it.*

The calls of our vanished friends do not come to those who are coldly indifferent, but to those who are entirely sympathetic. Otherwise the world would be condemned to an overpowering selfishness that would overthrow the primitive morality of our ancestors, from which was to come forth, one day or another, a socialism of love and the partnership of nations.

"*Remember the poor,*" was the message that kept coming to us during the terrible winter of 1910, "*and God will reward you, and grant you His mercy upon your arrival among us. I see so many here whose hearts are closed to suffering! They call upon the Creator, but they must return to earth to learn His goodness.*"

To the narrow formula, "Outside of the Church there is no salvation," Religious Science

replies, "Outside of Love there is no evolution, no progress."

That is why the word of pardon coming from the Cross was radiant. It was through the laws of evolution and love that the executioners of the Greatest of those who have gone before us were to become His friends.

Religious Science respects all creeds, because they all include a little of this truth of universal morality—from which they all spring. Through this, all of the gods worshiped under the names of Ahura, Mazda, Baal, Jahee, Osiris, Jupiter—unite in an Omnipotent Being, the same in the East as in the West, the tireless Creator of Life.

All temples over which this banner floats are sacred, because in them meet the leaders of the highest humanity, the representatives of this Divine Providence, the recognition of which comforts and consoles.

This simple truth surpasses the ingenious, but decrepit and super-annuated hypotheses of the philosophers, who, pretending to be giants, have only accomplished the work of dwarfs. After the downfall of such scholasticism, behold

metaphysics in peril. Does not the moment seem to have come to save the remains of this pretentious edifice?

And until the time when some inspired genius shall lay down the first elements of this new philosophy, and the first precepts of this reasonable faith, let us remember that our century saw the discovery of unknown forces, which are claimed on the one hand by experimental science through the dominion of mind over matter, and on the other hand by metaphysics on account of the philosophic deductions which it involves. As a scientific principle, only supported by proved and verified facts, and also as a religious principle, it is in perfect accord with this wise maxim of tolerance: "In my Father's house are many mansions."

Beside the cradle of Religious Science relating to the Hereafter, breathing only love and pity, are we, happily, going to see Science and Religion—which, after all, are only the comprehension of the creature and the Creator—sign their treaty of alliance? Or shall we, on the contrary, see religion, drawn along to irremediable defeat—*religio depopulato* (18)—commit

the dull and foolish mistake of uniting with scholastic Materialism to obstruct the road? Did Christ ever blaspheme against the Jewish religion?

If it is certain that Reason will not hesitate between hypotheses and facts, it is none the less true that in this direction, full of shadows, we are still only at the first halting place; that generations will come and go without being able to build any monument of granite on such unstable ground; that if we should prune from our libraries all the eccentric messages with which they are overrun, there would remain to-day a mere trifle.

But that trifle consists of spiritual reactions more impressive than the most unexpected chemical reactions; it is the assurance that on the border of the two worlds, there are awaiting us, with open arms, our vanished friends.

GLOSSARY

ANIMISM.—That group of phenomena, physical and intellectual, which can be attributed to the faculties of the living man.

APPORTS.—Objects alleged to be brought from distant places by spirits, as, for instance, flowers, bracelets, jewels, etc. They are dematerialized; that is to say, changed into etheric atoms by the spirit, then passed through walls and tightly closed doors, after which the spirit re-materializes them. (13)

CLAIRVOYANCE.—A state of lucidity; that is to say, having the power to discern at a distance, by the projection of thought, facts present or past, or to foresee events to come.

Plutarch, the celebrated Greek historian and moralist, declares that the responses of the Delphic Oracles had never been known to be false or inexact.

Here is a fact of clairvoyance reported by Comines, the historian of Louis XI:

> At the moment when Charles the Bold was killed, King Louis was attending mass in the Church of St. Martin, at Tours, at least a long ten days' journey from Nancy. And at the said mass there acted as chaplain the Archbishop of Vienna, who, in announcing peace to his majesty, pronounced to him these words: "Sire, God has given you peace and repose. You have, if you please, *quia consummatum est.* Your enemy, the Duke of Burgoyne, is dead. He is killed, and his army defeated." That very hour was found to be the one in which the said duke had really been killed.

COMMUNICATOR.—The spirit replying to the questions of the interrogator.

DEATH.—Separation of the soul from the body by the release, perceptible to certain clairvoyants, of a luminous ball. It is the same condensation of fluid which precedes the materialization of phantoms (5). This ball, or *aura,* has been described in a remarkable manner by a Protestant clergyman, Rev. William Stainton Moses, whose subliminal sensitiveness was continually struggling with the orthodox doctrines which he taught as a minister. Here is his description of the passing of a spirit, which he observed at the death-bed of one of his near relatives, eighty years old:

"Thanks to my spiritualistic sense, I was able to see that around his body and above it there had gathered a cloudlike aura, with which the spirit was to form its spiritual body. And I could see that it increased in volume and density, although subject to constant variations, corresponding to the fluctuating vitality of the dying man. This aura seemed continually ebbing and flowing.

"I was present at this spectacle twelve days and twelve nights, and although from the seventh day the body had shown evident signs of its imminent dissolution, this marvelous fluctuation of spiritual vitality in process of exteriorization persisted. On the other hand, the outline of the aura had changed; it took a more and more definite shape as the hour for the liberation of the spirit approached.

"Twenty-four hours before death, when the body lay motionless, the hands crossed on the breast, the process of liberation continued without pause. At this time one would have said that the body was dead. It certainly appeared to be so; neither the pulse nor heart gave any sign of life, and the mirror was not dimmed by any breath. And yet the magnetic cords still held the soul to the body, and they remained thus for thirty-eight hours.

"I believe that in this period, if conditions had been favorable, or if a strong will had acted upon the corpse, it would have been possible to call the spirit back to the body.

"When, at last, the cords broke, the features of the dead man, upon which one could read the suffering that he had passed through, became entirely fixed, and marked by an expression of ineffable peace and repose."

DISCARNATE.—The soul separated from its material body.

DOUBLE or PHANTOM.—Materialization of the semi-material essence serving as a bond between the body and the spirit, which is called the perisprit. The externalization of a soul from a still living body can be only partial. Total externalization would mean death. The phantom displays all the attributes of life—visibility, respiration, breathing, thought, speech, emission of vital and magnetic fluids, etc., etc. (5, 14.)

EFFLUVIUM.—A subtle emanation from the human body.

ENTITY.—An invisible, intelligent being.

EVOLUTION.—A series of ascending gradations, by which the spirit passes successively through higher and higher planes to attain an ideal of perfection.

EXTERIORIZATION.—The putting outside of his body the will, thought and sensation of the subject. This has been amply demonstrated by the experiments of Colonel de Rochas.

FLUID.—A peculiar effluvium furnished by the living human body. There are many kinds:

the mediumistic fluid, agent of communication with the dead; magnetic fluid, causing the compass to deviate; vital or odique fluid, escaping from the fingers, nose and eyes, which Commandant Darget has succeeded in photographing.

HALLUCINATION.—A mental disarrangement of perception. Illusions of the organs of sight or hearing, which cause them to report to the brain sights and sounds that do not exist. When objects change their places, or when a phantom leaves the imprint of its hand in wax, it is not a question of hallucination.

There is no such thing as "collective hallucination"; no group of persons will be subject at the same time to the same incorrect impression.

HYSTERIA.—A nervous crisis, marked by reflex or automatic actions. It is characterized by convulsions, visual constrictions, paralysis, and complete or partial anasthesia.

HUMAN MATERIALIZATION.—Temporary reincarnation of a discarnate person.

INCARNATE.—A term applied to the living, in contrast to "discarnate," a term for the dead.

INSTINCT.—The germ of that divine gift which, added to reason, is called Intelligence. Here is a typical example taken from "The Evolution of Matter," by M. Gustave Lebon:

> "When the sphex fly, a little insect with membranous wings, a species of wasp, has chosen the insect which it wishes to feed to its larvæ, it stings it with the precision of a surgeon, in one, three, or from six to nine selected places, in order to paralyze it without killing it. Remember that the sphex fly dies before the hatching of its larvæ. It has, therefore, never been able to learn from experience the necessity for putting within reach of its offspring a worm at once living and motionless."

INTERROGATOR.—The person who asks the questions at a séance.

LOVE.—The word used for all sentiments of attraction, affinity and affection.

MAN.—A being composed of a body, a spirit and a perisprit. The two latter elements constitute the soul.

> "I have perceived through various observations," said Xavier de Maistre, "that man is both an angel and an animal! These two beings are absolutely distinct, but fitting so closely into each other, or on each other, that it is necessary for the spiritual to have a certain supremacy over the animal, in order to distinguish between them."

MEDIUM.—A person endowed with a highly developed faculty for communicating with the dead.

MEDIUMSHIP.—The power of communicating with the discarnate. This faculty is frequently apparent in the dying, who, no longer able to distinguish earthly objects, perceive the realities of the invisible, and see their deceased relatives.

OD, or ODIQUE FORCE.—The vital fluid, capable of being photographed, and of passing through bodies, the color of which varies with the health of the person. It is generated by the action of the nervous system, and is used in the phenomena of exteriorization. It is closely related to heat, light and electricity. All living bodies, crystals and magnets release this vital fluid; this was proved by the experiments of Varley, the celebrated English physicist.

OUIJA.—A kind of planchette mounted on three little feet.

PERISPRIT.—The semi-material envelope, invisible, imponderable, pervading all parts of the body. It contains the perceptive faculties which, becoming purer and purer, persist after

death. In the midst of the periodic renewal of our cellular organism, the perisprit is like an unchangeable web of life.

PHANTOM.—See Double.

PSYCHIC BEING.—All the unknown faculties and forces in the service of the soul.

PSYCHISM.—The science of the forces and faculties of the soul, as they act outside of the body.

RAPS.—Blows struck by spirits under tables, on furniture and in the walls.

REINCARNATION.—The state of a soul reappearing in its material envelope, to begin a new life on earth. This belief in successive lives is not shared by English Spiritualists.

SECOND PERSONALITY.—See Sub-conscious.

SOUL.—The immortal essence of personality, of the "Me." It consists of two elements, the spirit and the perisprit, its semi-material envelope.

SPIRIT.—The highest expression of life; an imponderable fluid; a ray from the center of beauty, goodness and truth, which all human races worship under different names. The souls of those who have preceded us into death.

SPIRITUALISM.—The science of the relationship between the living and the dead.

SUB-CONSCIOUS.—One of the two factors of the Ego, the dormant memory, independent of consciousness, living its own life, collecting impressions and sensations which it preserves intact through the changes of the cellular organism. It has also been called the Second Personality, because, although disconnected from consciousness, it thinks, perceives, and is able to communicate with other sub-conscious minds.

SURVIVAL.—Continuation of the life of the soul after its separation from the body by death.

TELEPATHY.—Study of the transmission, from a distance, of thoughts and impressions. Telepathic phenomena are produced usually only between relatives and friends.

TRANCE.—A sort of ecstasy, produced by hypnotism, magnetism, or auto suggestion. It manifests itself in a disturbance of the nervous system, a passivity and anasthesia of the body, and an exaggerated activity of the memory and the intellectual faculties.

VOYANCE.—A synonym of clairvoyance, denoting also an ability to see spirits, which is possessed by certain people in the waking state.

Letter from M. Thiébault.

M. Thiébault's home, destroyed in the War, was close to the spot where, in the Valley of the Meuse, many American soldiers lost their lives, to save, as he expresses it in his dedication of this book, "the future of mankind." M. Thiébault is so greatly touched by the supreme sacrifice made by these young men, that he is anxious to have a memorial erected to their honor at this place where they fell; and he feels that this spot is particularly fitted, both by sentiment and natural advantages, to be the site of such a memorial.

In a letter dated April 28, 1919, speaking of the victory of the Allies, he says:

"This victory—swift, brilliant and complete—was due to the valor and steadfastness of the sons of the United States, and to the munificence of your generous intervention. Forgive me always if I am not able to think of this battle without being filled with unspeakable sadness, for by its fury the Valley of the Meuse—the gem of this part of Argonne, the home of my forefathers and my native place—this valley drenched with the blood of your sons, was made

a path of destruction. Here there stood, at the top of a steep hill, surrounded by green fields, a modest village with the Celtic name of Dun. Around this hill was fought the most bloody battle in which the American troops engaged on the French front; at the foot of the hill, on the banks of the Meuse, the sublime sacrifice took place. Here the formidable power of German militarism received its death blow, but in the struggle the little village paid the price of its existence. Its destruction is the more poignant because a few miles away, on the road to Germany, one sees neighboring towns unharmed, which, in their distracted flight, the battalions of the enemy did not take the time to destroy.

"But above Dun and its ruined homes, above the crowded graves, there is a host full of life, hovering on the wings of victory, longing for a memory, a prayer, a few flowers.

"Do you not think the hour is propitious to remind your fortunate nation that wealth sanctifies itself by generosity?

"Tell your millions of brothers in the faith that for three days and three nights—without

stopping, without giving way one step—the flower of their generation was cut down, for the honor of the name of America, for the grandeur of civilization, and for the liberty of the world.

"Tell them that the Belgians on the Yser, and the English at Mont Kemmel, are preparing to erect a memorial to the martyrs of their country.

"Tell them, finally, that in France, at Dun, overlooking the young green of the forests, the renewal of life in the fields and valleys, and the calm waters of the Meuse, there is a corner of the earth sacred to America. There could not be a more impressive site for the erection of a memorial to the Americans who fell in France, or a more fitting spot for a sanctuary of Victory, than this elevation on the banks of the Meuse, surrounded by a people emerging from the red river of its blood."

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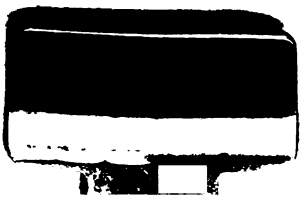
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